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COULEUR DE ROSE.

WHEN Dawn first opens her sleepy eyes,
And looks drowsily over the world below,
Where the Alps tower proudly towards the
skies,

A beautiful blush rests with rosy glow
On their topmost summits; the ruddy snow
Gleams rich and warm, as the shadows fade
And soften in sunshine, smiling low
'Neath the dull cold glacier, whose icy shade
Not even the noon-light may dare to invade.

In an eastern sea, where the wavelets curl
Softly and lovingly over the strand,
'Neath the self-same billow which hides the
pearl,

Lies a lovely shell, such as Northern land
Ne'er chanced to imagine, nor mortal hand
Could venture to paint; for the wondrous hue
Of that tender carmine, the fairy wand
Of our mother Nature, so old, so new,
Has tinted alone 'neath the salt sea-blue.

Where the bulrush bows lowly his turbaned
head,

And the fern droops soft by the streamlet's
side,

Where the shallow glides lazily over its bed,
'Tis there that the kingfisher loves to hide
Her rose-pink eggs; there the timid bride
With loving instinct prepares her nest;
While her mate, swift skimming above the
tide,

Dips his azure winglets and russet breast,
As he, arrow-like, darts on his finny quest.

Oh! full and warm is the fairy glow
Which the shell's rich colour brings out of
the sea;

And pure and soft is the roseate snow,
As it glimmers on high when the shadows
flee;

And the kingfisher's egg, pink as pink can
be,

Is fair to behold; but a lovelier sight
Have I seen this eve, when, beneath the
tree,

She gave me a rosebud, and, blushing bright
With a rosier red, whispered: "Love! good-
night!"

Chambers' Journal.

PARTING.

WE have had many partings. In the gloom
Of wintry twilights, moaning winds have
whirled

Our farewell words afar. A quiet room
Has kept us safe a moment from the world
For fond last words and clinging kisses sweet.
The lark has seen us in a dewy lane
Unclassing hands; in many a busy street;
Beside an angry sea in blinding rain;
Upon a breezy moor at early morn,
Before the butterflies were flown abroad;
Among the standing shocks of yellow corn;
Upon a churchyard's green and hallowed sod;

Have farewell words been spoken, while the
smart
Of parting pangs drew closer heart to heart.

Brave for each other's sake, our partings wear
An aspect almost cheerful, eye meets eye,
As hand holds hand; love gives us strength to
bear

Our silent anguish as the moments fly.
We have had many partings, but we know
More solemn farewell doth before us lie,
When death warns one of us to rise and go.
But which shall be the traveller, thou or I?
Shall I stand by to watch thy life's eclipse,
To mark the pang that sets thy spirit free?
Will the dark waters gather to my lips,
Or shall I watch them closing over thee?
It matters little; love is very strong,
That parting is our last, and is not long.

All The Year Round.

PRAYER.

THEY chide us for our praying — half in scorn,
And half in sadness — pointing to their
light

Of newly risen knowledge, whose clear dawn
Scatters the ghostly phantoms of our night,
Which we have made our gods and knelt be-
fore.

And their cold mockery wrongs our praying
less

Than we wrong Prayer, who pray for earthly
store

Of health and wealth and mortal happiness.
Prayer is no child of fleeting hopes and fears,
But of the inmost heart's eternity,

That with dim, passionate striving all its years,
Years after God and cries for light to see.
And there's one prayer no scorn can ever move,
The endless prayer of a long life of love.

Spectator.

E. G. A. HOLMES.

GRADUAL SPRING.

DREAM footsteps wand'ring past us in our
sleep;

A restless presence stirring with the light;
The cry of waters where the snow was
white;

A violet's whisper where dead leaves lie deep;
The dim wood's music makes a sudden leap;
Broken notes blending in a wild delight,
And lo! the whole world changes to our
sight;

Promise is ended, we must turn and reap
Fulfillment, for the Spring with all her wealth
Is with us, and compels us to her will.

Yet if the sun-dawn we should shun by stealth,
Yearning for shadow and the darkened hours,
Sweet Lord, be pitiful, rememb'ring still
One lieth low beneath the budding flowers.

Sunday Magazine.

CAROLINE NORTH.

From The New Quarterly Review.
ANIMALS IN FABLE AND ART.

BY FRANCES POWER COBBE.

THERE is a fine irony in the use we make of the terms "brutal" and "beastly," "manly" and "humane." As no brute ever kicks its mate to death, nor any beast makes itself drunk, it is a happy use of language by which our Police Reports invariably qualify the first class of outrage as "brutal," and the condition of a tipsy man wallowing in the gutter as "beastly." On the other hand, it is by a pretty, if not well-deserved, compliment to ourselves, that we describe the courage transcendently displayed by a hen on behalf of her chickens as pre-eminently "manly;" and when we have occasion to speak of compassionateness, complacently call the quality "Humanity," as if the race from which have sprung all the Herods, Neros, Alvas, and Majendies, of ancient and modern times, were quite incapable of cruelty.

In one of Æsop's fables, charmingly rendered by La Fontaine, a lion is shown a picture wherein a man stands triumphant over one of the animal's own kind which he has just vanquished. The four-footed critic in the fable simply remarks:

Avec plus de raison nous aurions le dessus
Si mes confrères savaient peindre.*

We may readily imagine the transposition of terms of praise and blame which would follow were the promised experiment of teaching poor Joe (the Chimpanzee in the Zoological Gardens) the language of the Deaf and Dumb to prove successful, and an age of talking animals to be inaugurated.† How the eminently sensible Goose, and the calm-judging Ass would recalcitrate against the use of their names as synonyms of stupidity and folly! How those affectionate and faithful comrades — Rats — would repudiate the use of the term "Ratting," as signifying treachery! How those quarrel-

some and loosely-conducted birds, the Doves, would coo satirically under their wings at our romantic ascription to them of innocence and fidelity! And how one and all would hoot, snort, bray, and cackle at the utter absurdity of attaching to the word "human" any other sense than that of consummate perfidy and merciless destructiveness!

In default of any immediate prospect of such a modification of affairs as would result from the successful linguistic studies of Joe and his compeers, it has appeared to the present writer that something ought to be said on behalf of several animals whom a French novelist might justly describe as *Les Bêtes Incomprises*. When we have whitewashed Henry VIII. and Nero and Judas, it is surely fair that we should likewise rehabilitate wolves and toads and donkeys; and when we have discovered that the old human heroes were poltroons, and the old martyrs "scoundrels," we are bound similarly to expose the mean-mindedness of the Lion, and candidly avow our suspicions of the conjugal fidelity of the Turtle. It is true, unfortunately, that the same slight inconvenience will attend the dispelling of antique delusions in the cases of both men and animals. Modern criticism has deprived the preacher of every example wherewith he was formerly wont to point a moral, and no man can now hold up a saint for imitation, or a sinner as a warning, without laying himself open to be checked by the nearest school-boy with the volunteered information that this saint is universally recognized now-a-days as a truculent impostor, and his sinner as one of the noblest of mankind, born, unhappily, a little too soon for the recognition of the age in which he lived. Of course, our language will be deprived of a whole catalogue of terms of honour or contempt if the hitherto glorified beasts and birds are ever to suffer similar detraction, or the long-slandered ones to be rehabilitated. Just as for the future to "out-Herod Herod" will be an expression for extreme mildness; "King Cambyzes' vein" will indicate bashful modesty; and the family name of De Mérode, instead of

* B. III. Fable x.

† M. Houzeau, in his "Études sur les Facultés Mentales des Animaux." (Paris, 1873), Vol. 2, expressly maintains that the idea of teaching the *Quadrupana* to speak, "reposes on probabilities."

denoting marauders, will stand as a synonym for neighbourliness; so, in like manner, a Goose may hereafter be recognized as the type of Wisdom; and a Raven, of a sanguine temperament and fastidious appetite. Philology will long bear the traces of such an event, as it bears that of the great pre-historic schism, when the Vedic and Persian Aryans exchanged their gods and devils, their "*Asuras*" and their "*Deus*." We have despised the brutes and dealt cruelly with them, but we betray how much they interest and concern us by using their names to express almost every quality of human nature. No phrases convey half as forcible or definite meaning as simply calling a man or woman a Bear, an Ass, a Lamb, a Shark, a Cur, a Fox, a Wolf, a Pig, a Lion, a Tiger, a Book-Worm, a Chameleon, a Gorilla, a Snake, a Viper, a Serpent, an Adder, a Raven, a Vulture, a Toad, a Donkey, an Owl, a Cormorant, a Parrot, a Magpie, an Ostrich, a Worm, a Dog, a Wasp, a Calf, a Pigeon, a Sheep, a Mule, a Lynx, a Vixen, or a Harpy. Nor could we easily dispense with such verbs as to Dog, to Hound, to Lark, to Rat; such adjectives as Waspish, Vixenish, Apish, Wolfish, Fishy, Parrot-wise, Ostrich-like, Elephantine, Oxlike, Swinish, Spaniel-like, Serpentine, Monkeyish, Dove-like, Eagle-eyed; or such similes as are afforded by the Busy Bee, the Industrious Ant, the Sloth, the Glutton, the Scapegoat, the laughing Hyæna, and the chattering Magpie. Fortunately, only a certain number out of these household words are misused to any considerable degree, and it will be very still fewer with whose exactitude we shall at present concern ourselves.

The radical mistake in all our writing and painting of animals from very early ages has been the semi-serious effort to see *human nature* in the brute and bird, and to describe it as, in fact, a Man in fur or in feathers. The process, though at first sight similar to the true method, is in reality the very converse of it, and, beginning at the wrong end, diverges wider from the truth at every step. The more elaborate the story or the picture so constructed, and the more wire-drawn the

parallel, the further it inevitably departs from the veracity of nature. Not by starting with the resolution to find human character in animals, but by studying them carefully and dispassionately till we come down to the ground of common feeling where they and we are alike, and where Nature is neither Human nor Bestial, can we hope to obtain a real knowledge of them.* So far as can now be seen, Bidpai, Æsop, and the other animal fabulists, must have proceeded very much on the principle on which the old Egyptians chose the figures of their gods. They picked out the animals which exhibited some obvious approach to a given human characteristic, and made it thenceforth a mere type of that attribute. It was not a real Fox, Ass, or Lion which the fable-makers sought to portray, but a purely conventional creature, intended to exhibit Cunning, Folly, or Courage; in fact, as strictly an allegorical figure as a statue of Justice with her Scales, or of Hope with her Anchor. Even a tree would answer the purpose as well as an animal, and might no less plausibly be made to speak, as we see in the very ancient fable propounded by Jotham to the Israelites (Judges ix. 9). The Cedar was a natural emblem of dignity, and the Bramble of insignificance, and that was all which was required. It is hard for us, with our more critical minds, to understand how all the absurdities and mixed metaphors which thence ensued could have been condoned. But obviously this sort of reflections never occurred to men of remoter times; or perhaps we should say there was a tacit understanding that, as nothing was meant but an illustration, provided the illustration was good, *as such*, everything else in the story should pass unchallenged.

A curious exemplification of the peculiarity of this ancient literary treatment of animals, is the fact that each species is continually described as if it consisted of one individual. There is *The Wolf*, *The Fox*, *The Cock* (in the German *Thier-*

* An effort to accomplish such a study in the case of one animal was made by the present writer in an article in the "Quarterly Review," October, 1872, "On the Consciousness of Dogs."

epos, "Sir Isengrim," "Sir Reynard," and "Chanticleer"), and so on through all the other beasts and birds. And this single creature, this Representative Animal, by a still more singular play of the antique mind, is frequently erected into a Federal Head of his race, and in the mythology of the *Metamorphoses* (which runs parallel with the *Fables*) is made to merit reward or incur punishment on their behalf for all succeeding time, without even being supposed to be their progenitor. There are, for example of such Adamitic creatures and plants, the Raven turned black for betraying secrets; the Rose which changed from white to red when the tears of Eve fell on it; the Cross-bill which bears the sanguine mark of its efforts to tear out the nails on Calvary; the Ass whose back keeps the sign of the Cross in memory of the Entry into Jerusalem; and the John Dory, whereon the black stains of St. Peter's fingers are still visible. As Sir Henry Maine, Mr. Tylor, and Mr. M'Lellan have so well proved, in primitive society, the individual was nothing, the Family—and, before the Family, the Tribe—everything. All rights were common, and the punishment incurred by one member might be justly inflicted on another, or (as continually happened under the great Eastern monarchies) on the whole tribe or village of the offender. Obviously men could not lend to the brutes any higher idea of individual responsibilities than their own state of society realized, and it is easy to imagine them describing a pack of wolves destroyed for one wolf's theft, or a whole rookery turned black for one rook's indiscretion. But the poetical extension of this idea in such a multitude of cases, both in Heathen and Christian mythology, to the entire species of the Adamitic animal, seems surely to prove a mistiness of conception concerning personality in general, not to speak of an immaturity of the moral sense, which needs to be kept in mind, if we would in thought occupy the old standpoint. Beyond these transformations again of actual animals, there is a vast store of myths of men and women changed into beasts, birds, plants,

and stones, which are evermore spoken of poetically as if each were the person who had been so transformed. Such are the stories of Daphne changed into a Laurel, Lyrinx into Reeds, Cyanus into a Swan, Ocyrrhoë into a Mare, the Mariners into Dolphins, Alcithoë and her sisters into Bats, Cadmus and his Queen into Serpents, Atlas into a Mountain, Cyane into a Fountain, Niobe into a Statue of Stone, the Pierides into Magpies, Arachne into a Spider, Philomela into a Nightingale, Procne into a Swallow, Lichas into a Rock, Hyacinthus into the Flower which bears his name, Cæneus into an Eagle, and *Ægeria* into the sweet Fountain which we have all visited outside the walls of Rome. Of course we, dull moderns, in dealing with myths of any kind, are always in danger of committing the egregious mistake of taking the old mythologists *au grand sérieux*, when they meant nothing but play; and arguing gravely about what they said so lightly, that it is to break a butterfly upon the wheel to bring down our ponderous criticism upon it. How *Æsop* would have laughed at a solemn German Professor who, spectacles on nose and book in hand, should ask him "whether he conscientiously believed that the Frogs had entreated Jupiter to grant them a King?" or at Rousseau's virtuous indignation at the deception he had practised on the innocent mind of Childhood with his stories of talking beasts and birds! The whole region we are treading is the great playground of the human imagination in its boyhood, and it is utterly idle to ask how we come to find a hoop here, a ball there, and a painted kite a little further off. It is not too soon for mankind to begin studying the brutes and birds by the true method, not as if each were a little pool in which we can see ourselves mirrored, but as if it were one into whose depths we would penetrate to behold the lovely and mysterious things which are surely lying below; to take each animal, not as "a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing," but as a Verse of the great Bible of the Universe, to be read thoughtfully and treated tenderly. The day must come, if not in this genera-

tion, yet before long, when many species of animals, like many races of men, must die out under the unfit conditions of a civilized world. When a single one has perished, even if it be the dull old Dodo, with what regret do we regard it! How anxious we are to treasure up whatever traditions, or pictures, or relics may remain to record what once it resembled, and what a thrill of hope passed through us when it was suggested that possibly a survivor might exist! But no! The loss is final and irremediable. The Steam Engine (as a clever child once said) is "the only Animal Man ever made," and not the genius of a Watt or a Stephenson will ever make anything nearer than that Frankenstein parody of true Life. Doubtless, as the time draws near, and naturalists begin to remark that such and such creature is becoming rare, and can no longer be found in his old *habitat*, great efforts will be made to preserve each failing race, and possibly for a century or two a few couples will survive, guarded and fed with infinite care, in the Zoological Gardens, which then will be multiplied in every great city of both hemispheres. But such precautions cannot prevail forever, and when the Last of the Wolves or the Last of the Chamois utters its dying howl or bleat, the Frank Buckland of the period will telegraph to the *Times* of the Universe, and the human race from pole to pole will echo the intelligence with a groan.

And through the wide and sultry East,
And through the frozen North;
The tabret and the harp are hushed,
The wail of grief goes forth.

Another Cyrus may arise, but till the end of the ages no ear of man will hear a wolf's howl or a chamois' bleat again. While we have them with us, it behoves us at least to try to read these Sybilline books, so full of wisdom and of poetry, which will surely be torn up one by one before we have half fathomed the meaning of their oracles.

In the present paper no attempt can be made to deal exhaustively with the idiosyncrasy of any animal, but a few remarks on the misconstruction to which some of the most estimable have been exposed, and the over-exaltation accorded by tradition to the less deserving, may be of use in rendering some of the *Bêtes Incomprises* less uncomprehended than at present. The Fabulists, of course, as already remarked, were the chief source of our misconceptions, not being con-

cerned at all about giving true pictures of animal character, but only having used certain animals as allegorical figures, to stand for certain human qualities. It was, indeed, no part of their aim or object to write on Natural History, but only on human morals and politics; and far be from us the presumption of meddling with them in their proper capacity or raising our puny voice in the Babel of critics who have discussed with such profound erudition the difference between the Eastern *Thier-fabel* (Brute-Fable) and the Gothic *Thier-epos* (Brute-Epic). A whole literature of its own is devoted to them, with Lessing's great work on the *Æsopic Fables* at the head, Jones and Wilkins, Gervinus and Grimm, and scores of others dealing with each department of the subject, from the *Hitopadesa* to "Reineke Fuchs." The translations and editions of the same fables, from Babrius and Phædrus to La Fontaine and Florian, L'Estrange and Gay, would alone fill a library. Our subject, happily, only requires us to skirt this tangled grove of fable-literature, and then turn to note the part which Art has played in modifying our ideal of such animals as it has condescended to touch. Undoubtedly this influence of Art, like that of Fable, has been warped by the same error—that of trying to see Human nature in the beast or bird, and importing into its representation a foreign element. In this respect the greatest of all animal painters has been the chief offender. The intense fun of the thing was too great a temptation for Landseer. While Rosa Bonheur sees in her horses and her dogs only a horse or a dog, Landseer, on the contrary, too often sits down resolutely, and of malice prepense, before an animal, determined to see in him something quite else beside a dog—a King, a Philosopher, a Courtier—a Man, in short; nay, even a specialized man with a profession. Such are the pictures of Alexander and Diogenes, A Jack in Office, Laying Down the Law, and The Travelled Monkey. Now, it must be admitted that dogs do, by their inconceivable sympathy, come in a certain shadowy way to resemble their masters. They "grow like that which they worship," and become brave and trustful, or sneaking and suspicious, affectionate and demonstrative, or morose and reserved, according to the character of their human associates. There is, then, a point up to which the painter is authorized to put human nature into the

dog, because human nature has actually, by force of sympathy, got into him already. It is obvious, however, that Landseer's delicious pictures have far, far transcended the narrow margin wherein such blending of the human or the animal nature can take place, and thus, what he has given us in the particular class of pictures in question (of course, nine-tenths of his works are of quite another order), are not dogs which reflect human qualities, but dogs employed arbitrarily to caricature humanity. The former would be a true study, offering deep revelations of canine nature; the latter is radically false, and its tendency altogether misleading.

Having thus briefly touched on the fabulous and artistic misrepresentations of the few animals which we shall find space to notice, and the erroneous popular ideas of them thence derived, we shall merely cite a few corrective facts of natural history, and leave the reader to "look on this picture and on that," and regulate his feelings accordingly.

Among the personages who ought to be dethroned from their eminence of ill-gotten glory are Richard of the Lion Heart, and the Lion himself. The former, faithless, covetous, and ferocious,* the latter a Bombastes Furioso of the beasts—a great carnivorous impostor! The brute has been credited with all manner of sublime and generous qualities, simply on his own showing, his magnificent head, his impressive mane and tail, and his tremendous roar. With one consent all fabulists have crowned him King of Beasts, and taken for granted afterwards that he possesses all royal virtues and only royal failings, *les défauts de ses qualités*. We venture boldly to challenge his leonine majesty's right to this exalted glory, to deny his sapremacy of courage among his peers, and to ask proof of his supposed magnanimity and generosity beyond the blandness of his Harold Skimpole countenance, and the

disdainful manner in which he throws back his mane as if he were quite incapable of the pettiness (of which he is nevertheless frequently guilty) of picking up and eating a humble black-beetle. Let us first glance at what Fable and Art have said and done for the Lion, and then try to correct their misrepresentations by the better witness of Natural History.

One of the most impressive of all the Thier-fabeln (which we are in no danger of forgetting just now in London, thanks to a certain gigantic advertisement) is the story of the Lion and the Mouse. It is so pretty a little tale, and the idea of performing the part of the Mouse is so pleasing to those amongst us who in this mortal life have no chance of performing that of the Lion, that we cannot greatly err in tracing a very large share of the popular idea of the character of the King of Beasts to this charming romance. But is there the slightest authority for supposing he would have acted under the contingency as the most graceful of the narrators of the fable affirms?

Mentre il leon dormia
I topi in allegria
Si stavano ballando,
Cantando e saltellando
Un d'essi, mal accorto,
Credendo il leon morto
Vibrandosi in alto
Gli fè sul ventre un salto.
Risvegliasi il leon;
Ma, in simile occasione,
Egli, grande e generoso
Non men che valoroso
Si sdegna di far male
Al piccolo animale.

We strongly suspect that a dab of his formidable paw at the impertinent disturber of his imperial repose would have followed much more surely than the similar effort of the "grateful Bear" in another fable to frighten away a fly from the sleeping hermit. Still less is Clement Marot's version of the story plausible, or that the lion had won his little friend's gratitude by active interposition on his behalf when caught in a trap.

Trouva moyen et manière et matière
D'ongles et dents de rompre la ratière.

Another impressive fable is immortalized by Gay in the shape of Counsel to Prince William, Duke of Cumberland.

The Tiger roaming for his prey,
Sprang on a traveller in the way.

The Lion comes in, kills the Tiger, and sets the Traveller free, who reads him a lesson on true glory.

* We have been favoured by the historian of the Norman Kings with the following quotations from the old chroniclers regarding the character of Richard I. "To such a height of wilfulness and ferocity did he come, that all his good qualities became clouded."—(R. Coggeshall, 83. Rec. des Hist., XVII.) "He was beyond human nature covetous." "He never kept pact with any."—(Ch. Havon, 415. Alb. 3 Font., 756.) "Twice he made a new seal, to the end that every charter should be brought to new sealing, nor could the whirlpool of his covetousness be appeased thereby."—(R. Coggeshall, 863.) The most delightful touch of all, however, is by Giraldus Cambrensis (Top. Hib. III. 50)—"He resembled a Lion, and like a Lion was troubled with a Quartan ague!"

To me your clemency hath shown
The virtue worthy of a throne;
Heaven gives you power above the rest,
Like heaven to succour the distressed.

Again, there is the fable of the lordly Lion who rebukes the Cub for braying like an ass, and another fable of the Lioness who, when taunted with the smallness of her family (a mistake in natural history), proudly answers that "she has but one cub, but he is a lion." And yet again there is the fable of the Lion in Love, a genuine feline Samson, who allows his teeth and claws to be drawn to propitiate his proposed father-in-law, and is then ignominiously driven from the door of the deceitful Delilah. All these fables have had their share in impressing us with an idea of the magnanimity and *bonhomie* of the Lion, to which the tale of Androcles (is it also a fable?) has given the finishing touch. On the other hand, there are a whole series of fables concerning the Lion, conveying a totally different view of his character, but which somehow seem to have failed to leave an equally strong impression on popular opinion. The origin of these, as Franceschi clearly shows in his quaint book, "*Les Fabuleuses Bêtes du Bonhomme*," was the endeavour to satirize under safe cover the frauds and oppressions of Kings. Of this class is the fable of the Lion and the other Beasts Hunting, in which the Lion takes "the Lion's share," having divided the prey into three parts, appropriating the first to himself as King, the second to himself for his share in the chase, and defying anybody to lay hand on the third. There is also the fable of the Lion causing the three Bulls to quarrel and separate, that he might devour them *seriatim*; and that of the Three Councillors, wherein the astute Fox alone escapes being eaten by the council-seeking Lion, as either a fool like the Sheep, or a flatterer like the Wolf. Lastly, there is the fable of the Animals dying of the Plague, when the Lion advises that the most guilty should be sacrificed to appease the anger of heaven, and confesses, to begin with —

J'ai dévoré force moutons;
Que m'avaient-ils fait? nulle offense:
Même il m'est arrivé quelquefois de manger
Le Berger!

Je me dévouerai donc, s'il le faut, mais je
pense
Qu'il est bon que chacun s'accuse aussi que
moi,

Car on doit souhaiter, selon toute justice
Que le plus coupable périsse.

The poor Ass confesses that on one occasion, in passing a meadow, he had nibbled a tongue's length of grass. All the other beasts cry "haro" upon him: —

Manger l'herbe d'autrui! Quel crime abominable!

And the Ass is sacrificed on the spot.

Now it would seem, as already remarked, that for some occult reason, this latter class of disloyal fables have by no means made as much impression on the popular mind as those of the former kind, in which he is represented as noble and magnanimous. Whether it be that we English do not generally grudge our Lion, or Lioness, his or her share (exception being made, of course, of the case of the honourable member for Chelsea); or that we condone his voracity in favour of his æsthetic merits, it is not necessary to inquire. Certainly, an attempt to dethrone him and establish a bestial Democracy, with a President at the head, would detract so immensely from the dignity and *éclat* of the Animal Kingdom that we shudder to think of it. How much, for example, does Art owe to the Lion, not exactly as its royal patron, but as its theme! We can scarcely calculate what Sculpture would have missed without him, from the gates of Mycenæ, the halls of Nineveh and Thebes, the Throne of Solomon and the Courts of the Alhambra, down to Canova's monument in Rome, Thorwaldsen's at Lucerne, and the walls of Burlington House every season, which latter would become still more insufferably tame were "Daniel's Den" never to alternate with "Rocking the Cradle," nor "Androcles" with "Goody Two Shoes." Even when the Lion is represented, as at the foot of the Trafalgar Square column, with his forelegs (as shapeless as roly-poly puddings) stretched out straight dog-fashion, instead of cat's-elbowed, he is still a grand creature, albeit plethoric in his dignity like the porter in a ducal mansion, or a Beef-eater in the Tower. Phidias (if we may value Flaxman's judgment) paid him the highest honour of all, taking the mode of growth of his mane off his lordly brow and its splendid droop, as the model for the forehead of Olympian Jove. Then, what have not the great painters made of him! What a grand and kingly creature does he grow under Rubens' brush! How Landseer, who, with all his love for dogs, could not

refrain from caricaturing them in human disguise, revered the Lion too much to make him play the part even of Alexander the Great, and shows him to us only prowling abroad in the wilderness and roaring for his prey, or calmly watching us in "The Lion and the Lamb;" or, last and grandest of all, mighty and majestic in death, as in "The Desert"! True, he has condescended so far to truckle to the pride of humanity—akin to that of the Lilliputians when they had chained Gulliver—as to show us in one picture the beast repressed and tamed by Van Amburgh, and, in another, crying like a whipped child made to stand in the corner. But these pictures, like his *other* court scenes, do not merit to be counted among Landseer's works. Still less than Sculpture or Painting could Poetry and Heraldry dispense with the emblem of the King of Beasts. The very name "Lion," like the word "gold," is beautiful and ennobling to the sentence of which it forms a part; and if Royal and noble Houses (and a vast number of houses which are neither royal nor noble) were to be compelled to abandon the use of Lions as crests, supporters, and charges of their shields, and lions "rampant," "couchant," "passant," "regardant," and "rampant-regardant;" lions "sable," and "argent," and "or," and "gules," and "azure;" lions "crowned imperial," and lions "crined and unguled," lions "collared" and lions "*quevée-fourchée*,"* to be all abolished by Act of Parliament, the College of Arms might close its portals, and the obliging gentlemen who advertise their readiness to find anybody's armorial bearings, be induced at last to employ for some of their customers the more appropriate emblems of a Bale of Cotton Couchant, or a Pair of Scales (unduly weighted) Brass.

But now for the real Lion, outside Fable, Art, and Heraldry. What is the truth regarding his vaunted generosity, magnanimity, and supremacy of courage? Alas! we fear that some of these grand qualities belong to him no more than similar attributes to the human kings to whom they are officially credited, and that "His Sacred Majesty" King Charles II., His "Celestial Highness," the Emperor of China, and even that "most Religious and gracious King," George IV., probably deserved their laudatory epithets quite as much as he. Of course, as he is actually stronger than any creature

with whom he comes in contact, except the elephant, there would be nothing remarkable in the fact that he should generally be ready (very literally) to "come to the scratch" with any of them. The truth appears to be, however, that he is rather indisposed for the "open wager of battle," especially with a man, and prefers, when convenient, to "tumble his landlord" from behind a hedge. A tiger has been known (as Mr. Crawford describes he witnessed in Cochin China) to combat *à l'outrance* in regular field of fight with forty-six elephants, while the tiger was chained to a stake by a rope thirty yards long, his claws cut, and his mouth sewed up. Again and again the brave brute flung himself on the foe till many elephants slunk terrified away, and the tiger was killed by sheer tossing from their trunks. But no such tale as this is recorded of the Lion. Of course the Gallic lion-killers, Vaillant and Gérard, are disposed to vaunt his prowess as that of a monster whom they have heroically conquered, while meaner mortals shrunk away terrified by the very echo of his roar. But when they come to give a precise account of his behaviour, there is generally some such story as those in Mr. Cumming's "Five Years of a Hunter's Life," when the Lion follows Dogberry's advice, and "shows himself to be a thief" by stealing away from his pursuer, "not liking his appearance;" or, again, when "observing me, the lions sprang to their feet, and, growling, trotted sulkily up the mountain."* Livingstone's accounts, which will be familiar to all our readers, are to much the same purpose. He prefers pouncing on a man like Cumming's unfortunate servant, Hendrick, while asleep, and carrying him off to devour under cover of darkness. Such is not precisely what we were accustomed to describe as generosity and magnanimous bravery.† As to the Lioness, unless

* Vol. ii. pp. 155 and 347.

† Mr. Mostyn Owen, of Woodhouse, Shrewsbury, has favoured me with the following personal reminiscence, which corroborates the above remarks, though his final verdict is, that lions have "plenty of courage when attacked." "From what I saw of lions when I was in Africa, I should say that they will not attack a man unless he molest them. I have seen them lie on a flat, bare plain and take no notice of a party of horsemen passing at 500 yards' distance. On one occasion I and a companion were riding as fast as we could over an undulating country, when we suddenly came upon a lot of lions, who were lying on some rushes near water. One of the largest male lions sprang on his feet, seeing us approach, and came out to meet us, with his tail erect and legs stiff—like a cat when it attacks an intruding puppy. Our horses were blown, and the lion could easily have come up with us; but as soon as we pulled up, the lion stopped, and we turned away and

* Fork-tailed—the badge of the De Montforts.

Jules Gérard be a caitiff-slanderer of the sex (such men have been known among his countrymen), the Queen of Beasts is a very Messalina, at once faithless and cruel. In consequence of the great mortality of female cubs during the process of dentition, she possesses over European ladies the advantage which, we fear, nothing short of the introduction of the wholesome practice of female Infanticide, could obtain for them,—that of not being “Redundant,” as Mr. Greg calls it, nay, of being, on the contrary, at a high premium. Every third lion prowls about the desert sands, roaring vainly for a mate; and the consequence is, of course, an immense exaltation of value, and, perhaps, also some additional cruelty on the side of the lioness. She is beset with suitors like Penelope. “Accordingly,” says M. Gérard, “it is by no means rare to meet one of the ladies accompanied by three or four young lions, who engage in desperate combat, until the lioness, annoyed that not one of her admirers succeeds in strangling the others for her sake, conducts them into the presence of an old lion whose roar she has appreciated,” and who quietly disposes of them all. The lioness, while the combat lasts, incessantly wags her tail in token of gratification at the spectacle; and when her first lovers are dead, licks the wounds which the new one has received in her honour. Still worse sometimes is the case later on, when (as a certain Arab named Mahommed witnessed from a tree where he had taken refuge) the spouse of a powerful elderly lion responded to the distant roar of a huge black lion in a manner which obviously drove her husband wild with rage and jealousy; and persisted in the invitation till the black lion appeared. The lioness immediately rose to go towards him, but the lion, guessing her intention, ran before her to meet his enemy. They crouched at the same moment to take their spring, leaped at the same time one against the other, and rolled over in the grass, to rise no more! The struggle was long and terrible, but from the beginning to the end of it the lioness lay in an easy attitude close by, watching it, and testifying, by the constant motion of her tail, to the pleasure she experienced in beholding the two lions destroying each other for her

walked our nags up the hill-side. When we got to a respectable distance we stopped to look back, and saw no fewer than *twelve* lions, great and small, walk slowly away towards some rocky hills half a mile off. I cannot say what stopped the lion from charging home at us, but should not suppose it was fear.”

sake. When they were both dead, she cautiously approached and examined the corpses. What her sentiments may have been—of tenderness and remorse, or of triumphant joy at being rid of an old tyrant—who shall presume to speculate?

If Jacques Bonhomme and his compeers all over mediæval Europe saw in the Lion the type of Royalty in whose supposititious adventures they could conveniently and safely satirize Kingly greed and injustice, they found likewise in the Wolf a no less appropriate emblem of their lesser but more immediate tyrants the Barons. The popularity of all these tales is of course amply accounted for when we reflect how infinitely consoling to a race of tongue-tied serfs it must have been to tell their children over the fireside, with many a wink and nod at wife and comrade, some story of a savage beast, in which the behaviour of their dreaded Lord was lively portrayed. Of this kind the fable of the Wolf and the Lamb is an admirable specimen. The poor lamb's innocent pleas—she “could not trouble the water, for she was below the wolf's drinking place,”—and she “had not called him ill names a year ago, because she was not then born”—with the wolf's conclusion; “If it was not you who called me names it was your father. There is no use trying to argue me out of my supper!” reads as if the story might really have been framed upon an actual incident such as must, alas! have occurred every day when *Le droit du plus fort* was in the ascendant all over the world. Again, there is the fable of the Wolf who offered to reward the Crane if he would take a bone out of his throat, and when the Crane had performed the operation, sent him about his business, telling him he was lucky enough after putting his head in the Wolf's jaws to draw it safe out again. There is the Wolf who tried to persuade the Goat to come down and browse on the plain instead of on the inaccessible rocks, and who received the reply that the goat begged to be excused, as he knew it was not to *his* dinner the Wolf invited him, but to that of the wolf. There is the Wolf in Sheep's Clothing, who obtained admission into the fold for evil purposes in disguise. There is the Wolf who was carrying home a sheep when the Lion came and took it from him, replying to his remonstrance, “Did the shepherd give it to *you*?” There is the Wolf who begged a Sheep to fetch him water, and

to whom the sheep answered that if he went near enough to give it to him, he knew he would eat him. There is the Wolf who, by long maintained hypocrisy, induced the Shepherd to leave him in charge of his "Sheep," after which he immediately devoured them, and left the shepherd to bewail that he had trusted a Wolf. Lastly, there were the Wolves who persuaded the Sheep that the Dogs were the only cause of enmity between them; and having brought them to dismiss the dogs, ate them up without further trouble:—the story by which Demosthenes saved himself, when the Athenians were disposed to deliver him over to Philip. Do not all these tales in their multiplicity point to a popular meaning attached to them beyond that of other fables? As to the real wolves, we fear it was as needless for literature to blacken their character in general by such legends, as in one solitary instance to exalt it in the person of the Nurse of the great Founders of Rome. The Romans might look to their quaint old bronze Lupa with some affection (the only attempt we are aware of till Rubens' day to represent the beast in Art), but it was very little likely that a Wolf in the flesh should become an object of human tenderness. Nevertheless it would seem that the kind of wickedness attributed to him in the fables aforesaid, and still more in that dreadful tragedy of Little Red Riding Hood, which has chilled the infantine blood of half the Aryan race, is not precisely the real character of the wolf's depravity. In allegorizing the detested Baron, the legend-maker has proceeded after the very common fashion in which a celebrated statesman compared his opponent to a "Crocodile standing with his hands in his breeches' pockets." The hypocrite's "Crocodile's tears" were the starting-point of his simile—the "breeches' pockets" outran, unfortunately, the capacities of the metaphor. The baron's oppressions were fairly symbolized by the wolf's habit of devouring weaker prey, but the craft and treachery of the baron were further added to the wolf's enormities without any authority from natural history. We do not precisely aspire to rehabilitate Sir Isengrim, or set him as a maligned innocent before the world; but we protest that, though bloodthirsty and cowardly, he is not perfidious. Nothing on record lends a colour to that frightful libel of the Grandmother's representative with great eyes and great teeth, "the better to eat you,

my dear!" which we shudder to recall. As the advocate in a late celebrated trial thought it his wisest course to admit that his client was a scoundrel and a fool, and *therefore* no perjurer, so we concede at once that the wolf is voracious and a dastard, and accordingly the allegations against him fall to the ground. He is not only a fool, but a superstitious one. Travellers whom they are pursuing, and would soon overtake, have again and again frightened packs of wolves away by merely trailing a piece of rope behind their carriages; and when American hunters have killed a bison, and want to prevent the wolves eating it at night they construct, Mr. Wood tells us, a ridiculous sort of bogus trap with the bison's inflated bladder tied by a loose string to a stick, and left to flap about in the wind. No wolf seeing this alarming object will approach the tempting carcase.

Then as to his cowardice, the wolf displays a quality we suspect to be extremely common among a nobler class of animals on two legs. In a crowd he is valiant and vociferous; alone, and unsupported by other *canaille* like himself, he is a dastard. Audubon describes how he watched while a farmer in Ohio quietly descended into a pit where he had caught a couple of wolves over night, and deliberately took up their hind-legs and cut the tendons with his knife; the poor beasts making no more resistance than one of the lambs they had eaten might have done. Similar stories are told by scores of the wolves of Hungary and Russia.

And yet there is something in this brute, so near akin to our best-beloved dogs (though he drinks differently, and has his eyes less honestly set in his head), which pleads for some little sympathy for him, especially in confinement. His howl, as he sits in dreary solitude in his narrow cage—he, the Wild Hunter of the Forest—is indescribably, unutterably mournful; a long-drawn wail in a minor key, like the Irish death-song heard across the mountains; or the music (which that "keen" so strangely resembles) of one of the three *Miserères* of the Sistine. The mental sufferings of that wretched creature atone in our eyes for half the murders of his race, even though he be the Malay of the Brutes, addicted to "running a muck." He is capable of passionate attachment to man, though few men have cared to test the fact. It is still a moot question whether the mother-wolf has not occasionally nursed human babes, and there is an authentic and affecting

story of a wolf which had been brought up by M. Cuvier, and which showed to him all the affection and obedience of a dog. On leaving home, Cuvier sent his wolf to the Jardin des Plantes. Though kindly treated, it pined for months for its master; and when it saw him, after a year and a half, sprang towards him at the first sound of his voice, and displayed raptures of joy. Again, his master left him for three years, and again the wolf received him with ecstasy, licking his face fondly, like a dog, and refusing to obey his keepers and quit him. But once again the master departed, and this time the sorely-tried heart of the wolf turned to gall! For a month he pined so that it seemed he would die; and when he received he was no longer the gentle, affectionate creature he had hitherto proved, but a wolf, wild and savage like the rest of his kind. To our mind this fact speaks more for the intensity of the wolf's attachment than all the rest.

From a very interesting forthcoming work, whose proof-sheets we have been privileged to see—"A Treatise on the Relation of the Pleistocene Mammalia to those now living in Europe," by Boyd Dawkins, Esq., F. R. S.,—we learn that the wolves proved such a scourge in Scotland, in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, as to be mentioned in Litanies along with the caterans. "A cateranis et latronibus, a lupis et omnia mala bestia, libera nos Domine," says the Litany of Dunkeld. In Ireland they were still alarming so late as 1662, when Sir John Ponsonby reported from the Committee of Grievances that a bill should be brought in to encourage the killing of hares and foxes. The reward for "a bitch wolfe" was six pounds; "for every dogg wolfe, five pounds; and for every cubb which *prayeth* (sic) for himself, forty shillings."* Still more terrible than to Scotchmen or Irishmen the Wolf must have appeared to the old Scandinavians, considering the part they assigned to him in the great final catastrophe of the universe. Of course, to the dwellers amid eternal snow, the last horror was not a conflagration—

When shrivelling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll,

but a deep, cold, tremendous gloom,—
Ragnarok, "the Twilight of the Gods."

* The last wolf was not killed in Ireland till 1710; the last in Scotland was in 1686. The race had been exterminated in England before the close of the fourteenth century.

When this awful age comes on, and the beneficent and evil powers meet in a last Armageddon, then Odin himself—Odin, the King and Father of the Gods—will be devoured by the Fenris-Wolf—Destruction!

Space in these brief pages would not permit us to discuss the vast theme of the veritable character of that great bestial Ulysses, the Fox. We can but raise our feeble voice in mild protest against the cruel misrepresentations to which he is exposed in that "unholy Bible of the World," *Reineke Fuchs*, wherein he is credited with every vice under the sun, and wins his final victory over his enemy, Sir Isengrim, by the basest perfidy on record. The Fox of natural history, we venture to plead, is not so bad as all this. He is simply a Robber—at once a Highwayman, Burglar, and Garotter—but he is not a Hypocrite (at least, more than his profession requires); and as to his private morals, he is an excellent husband and *père de famille*, taking unusual pleasure in the sweets of domestic life and the gambols of his infant offspring. As to the young animal, as Col. Hamley says, "a little fox, with his face full of a grave, sweet intelligence, which is as yet undebased by the look of worldly astuteness conspicuous in after life, is one of the prettiest sights in the world."* The stories about the race are mostly base fabrications. *Reineke Fuchs* is, as already said, one long, unpardonable libel. The Fox of the fable, who persuaded the Crow to drop her piece of cheese by flattering her concerning her harmonious voice; the Fox which persuaded the Goat to come down into the well into which he had fallen, thereby enabling himself to climb out on the Goat's horns, alike display duplicity unwarranted by any recorded facts. The Fox who would not allow the Hedgehog to eat his flies lest a hungrier swarm should take their places (whom, Aristotle (Rhet. II. 20) says, *Æsop* quoted to prevent the Samians putting to death one who had robbed their treasury); the Fox who had lost his Tail, and tried to persuade the other Foxes to drop the appendage; and lastly, the ever-delightful Fox, who pronounced the unattainable Grapes to be sour—these, perhaps, may be held in a shadowy way to represent not unfairly the clearness of Sir Reynard's grasp of probabilities, and the finesse of his wit.

* "Our Poor Relations," p. 7.

The animal, however, who has been, perhaps, more misrepresented in Fable than any other, is the Hare. She is the type of senseless timidity, and likewise of idle boastfulness. At one time the Hares rush to drown themselves in a pond, till seeing they have frightened the Frogs, they think better of it, and agree to live, since they have found creatures more faint-hearted than themselves. At another time the Hare makes a wager with a Tortoise, and loses the race by lying down and going to sleep. And lastly, there is the piteous story of

The Hare, who in a civil way
Complied with everything — like *Gay*;
Her care was never to offend,
And every creature was her friend.

And who yet in her extremity implored
in vain the aid of the Horse, the Bull,
the Goat and the Sheep, and received
from the Calf the polite farewell : —

Excuse me, then, you know my heart ;
But dearest friends, alas ! must part ;
How shall we all lament ! Adieu !
For see ! the hounds are just in view.

Now the fact seems to be that the Hare is not a helpless fool by any means, nor can it be said that mere terror and misery would be likely to drive her to suicide. On the contrary, she is a remarkably playful little beast in her sunny hours, both in freedom and when domesticated (every one remembers Cowper's hares), and in her hour of adversity she displays marvellous coolness and presence of mind, making her bolts, and swervings, and doublings with consummate skill, and hiding herself as cunningly as a Fox under a wall, allowing the greyhounds to leap over her. A gentlemen in Lancashire having tried in several cases to save hares, after a severe run, from the fate which sometimes overtakes them, of perishing at night in their forms from cold, and who left them in a warm room with provision of food, invariably found that their fright had by no means spoiled their appetites, but that they had partaken of a good supper or breakfast before the morning's release.

A creature, concerning whom Fable proper has little to say (there are, we believe, only two original fables about him), but of whom a perfectly fictitious ideal has somehow entered our heads, is, the Camel. We have constructed him out of somebody's consciousness, but who that somebody was is not clear. In childhood,

a Camel, to each of us, was almost a brute Philanthropist. His patience, his obedience, his innumerable valuable qualities, rendered the "Ship of the Desert" almost the greatest treasure of the human race. At that stage of natural theology, when a celebrated engineer gave it as his opinion before a Parliamentary Committee that "Rivers were created to feed navigable canals," when everything had a final cause, and the final cause of everything else was the convenience of man, we entertained pleasantly the idea that the camel's hump was made to hold his rider's seat, and felt a vicarious gratitude for the Arab, on account of the animal's provision of water, which his master could always reach, in case of necessity, by the simple process of eventration. Nothing which could possibly have been said of the Camel's virtues would then have transcended our convictions, and poetry and painting were always ready to confirm our views. In fancy we pictured him in every Eastern scene, from the idyll of Rebekah to that of the Queen of Sheba —

with her camels riding on,
Bearing spices and rich gifts for great King
Solomon.

And now, where is he, that half-canonized beast ? Alas ! (chiefly owing, we imagine, to having incurred the detestation of Miss Martineau), the Camel has fallen from the zenith to the nadir in public estimation. We have all been to Egypt and Syria, and many of us have been bitten by his long front teeth, trampled over by his noiseless feet, deafened by his angry roar, and insulted by the affected, not to say sanctimonious, *tour-nure* of his head and neck, and the protrusion of his contemptuous upper lip. No one who thus "knows him at home" retains a spark of belief in the beast's patience, amiability, fidelity, or any other virtue. The Camel must be reckoned among the lost illusions of youth ! Perhaps, after all, the old fabulists did not think much more of him than we do. When the Camel, they say, begged Jupiter to grant him horns like other animals, Jupiter not only refused the horns, but cropped his ears for being a dissatisfied and troublesome beast.

A proof of how much more appearances weigh in this foolish world than facts, may be found in the relative traditional estimate of the Owl and the Goose. The former bird, merely from looking grave

and solemn, and keeping himself a little retired from public view, has been credited with unlimited sagacity, and made the chosen companion of the very Goddess of Wisdom. As no Ministry, fifty years ago, would have dared to give a bishopric to Sydney Smith, simply because he was too witty, so no old Athenian imagined that Pallas would have preferred in her temple the society of a lively and satirical bird, like the Goose, to the dull and gloomy-minded Owl. But the goose is really a clever creature, and proves it in a hundred ways, while the owl, like Lord Burleigh, merely nods his head in solemn sort, and is accepted as wise on his own showing. The great difference between masculine and feminine folly has been said to be, that a stupid man generally retains enough sense to conceal his stupidity under the cloak of silence, while a stupid woman chatters the more, the more ignorant she may be, and so betrays her deficiencies to all the world. The man sometimes inspires his neighbour (and always his wife), with the conviction that there is matchless wisdom hidden behind his reserve, which he buttons close round him as the shabby-genteel do a great-coat to hide the absence of a shirt. The woman invariably reveals her folly to everybody, and gets no credit for the under-current of practical sense which sometimes runs beneath. The Owl is in this respect decidedly of the masculine order of mind, while the Goose goes about cackling and screeching with her neck outstretched, so that she looks supremely ridiculous and idiotic, while all the time she is not only sensible enough, but has the rare merit of a strong dash of humour in her composition. Since she saved the Roman Capitol she has been known to display all the domestic virtues, and as many public ones as she has been permitted to exercise. But no! experience avails nothing against prejudice. She has contrived to get herself classed among the "shrieking sisterhood," and her claims are thrust aside with derision.

The position of the Goose in Fable is peculiar. She is represented as a fat, unwieldy creature, liable to all sorts of affronts and misfortunes, but yet possessed of a certain degree of homely mother-wit, sometimes approaching that of the immortal Mrs. Poyser. In a fable which dates from classic times, the Cranes and Geese are represented as feeding together in a field. The fowls arrive, and the cranes fly away, but the geese

are too fat to escape, and are taken and killed. The story of the aged Lion who makes a Fox his viceroy, while another Fox sings his virtues, terminates in Gay's version, with the remarks aside, of the Goose to her brood:—

When'er I hear a knave commend,
He bids me shun his worthy friend.

In the *Hitopadesa* the Goose holds a much more honourable position. The prime minister of King Silver-sides (the Swan) is "a Brahminy Goose named Know-all, and he does know every possible science."* As to the delightful old German tale, preserved by the Brothers Grimm, of the "Goose with the Golden Eggs," which has justly become proverbial, it does not much affect the Goose's character either for good or evil.

Art has of late years deigned to stoop to the Goose, and a very good subject some of our painters, especially Mason, have found her with her brilliant whites and soft greys, and easy curves of neck and body, blending, when a flock is introduced, into a long graceful line, which may be extended at pleasure. The inimitable picture, by Riviere (now in South Kensington), of the Geese coming to see if the Fox, who is shamming, be really dead, must have inspired many a spectator with a high idea of a Goose's "thirst for useful knowledge," if not precisely of her caution. Strange to say, the depreciation of the intellectual faculties of the Goose seems to be exclusively a Teutonic mistake. The French Bird of Folly is the Turkey, or as Scotch children call him, the Bubbly-Jock. The Turkey has no fun in him at all, but is a cross-grained, haughty bird, who quite loses self-possession in his indignation against real or imaginary insults, and flames out like a vulgar termagant. The Goose, on the contrary, has perhaps the keenest appreciation of humour of any animal, unless it be her own arch enemy the Fox. One lovely summer evening last summer in Wales the writer beheld the following illustration of a Goose's idea of a joke:—In a little grassy paddock were feeding amicably some eight or ten fat and healthy pigs, and half a score of geese. From this paddock a narrow open gate gave entrance into the farmyard, and as evening drew on, the geese ranged themselves in a row near this Thermopylæ. Obviously, supper-time was approaching, and the pigs wished to return home to their

* "The Book of Good Counsels," Trans. Edwin Arnold, p. 88.

troughs. Equally clearly the geese had given each other the word not to let them pass through the gate which they guarded without paying toll. First there came up a jolly, good-humoured little pig, who trotted cheerfully along with a confidence which ought to have disarmed criticism, till he came among the geese. Then with a cackle and a scream, every neck was stretched out to get a bite at him, and, squalling and yelling, the poor little porker ran the gauntlet. The same fate befell six or seven more of his brethren in succession, each betraying increasing trepidation as he approached the fatal pass, and made a bolt through the *corps de garde* of geese, whose chattering and screeches of delight were almost undistinguishable from human laughter. At last the biggest pig of the party brought up the rear. He was a pink-fleshed, clean young fellow, with fat limbs and sides, and his ears were cocked, and his tail sharply twisted in the intelligent wide-awake manner which so completely distinguishes the intellectual pig from the mere swinish multitude. With a loud grunt of defiance, this brave beast charged through the flock of geese, and had actually almost gained the gate (beyond which the rules of the game apparently forbade pursuit), when a large grey goose, whose post was nearest to it, made one grab at his fat ham, caught up the skin in a bunch, and gave it a tremendous pinch with her red beak. Needless to say the air was rent with the squeals of agony of the injured pig, and the ecstatic pæans of the whole flock of geese in chorus. From the order with which the transaction took place, we derived the impression that a similar game of Prisoner's Base probably formed the entertainment of the geese every evening. To the human spectator the familiar experiences of an author running the gauntlet of the reviewers was irresistibly suggested by the occurrence.

It is impossible not to feel admiration for Miss Dunstable the rich heiress in one of the great Trollopian novels (may we be pardoned for forgetting the precise volume?) who prefaces a narrative by the remark, "When my grandfather was an itinerant tinker." In like manner, we are all beginning to feel a certain sense of pride in referring as often as possible to the time "when our ancestors were Apes," and even to the remoter ages when our forefathers were of yet humbler order, when,

In the day's high meridian, the hour of the fulness of time,
Came forth the Elect, the Ascidian, from the conflict of sea and of slime.

It tickles us to compare ourselves, mighty and intelligent creatures such as we flatter ourselves we are now, who direct the lightning and weigh the suns, with those progenitors of ours. We are satisfied that, if we have

Made ourselves tailless and hairless, and multiplied folds to our brain,

we have yet, on the whole, decidedly risen in the world since their time. In touching then the specially interesting subject of the Monkey, as among the *Bêtes Incomprises*, we are conscious of approaching a matter of personal interest to every reader, and anxious to avoid ruffling the filial and fraternal sentiments which we are all proud to entertain towards our Ancestral House.

It is difficult to guess what would have been the treatment of Apes by the old fabulists had they suspected the tender ties which unite the Genus "Homo" and "Pithecus." Possibly they would have represented a Gorilla as a guileless and simple-hearted creature, like the Satyr in the charming story of the Man who Blew Hot and Cold with the same breath, and whom the Satyr—unversed in the arts of courts and cities—drove indignantly from his cave. Instead of taking this view, however, of him, the meddlesomeness and impudence of our quadrumanous cousin seem to have been the characteristics which chiefly struck the antique mind. We find accordingly, concerning him the very old, and not very pointed fable, of the Monkey who, having seen some Fishermen laying their nets, attempts to do the same on his own account, and is entangled therein. Also, there is the much more diverting fable of the Monkey who, being shipwrecked off Sunium, is saved by a Dolphin, who takes him for a man, and carries him on his back towards the shore. The Dolphin asks the Monkey if he knows the Piræus, and the Monkey replies that "he is one of his best friends;" whereupon the Dolphin turns round to look at him, and seeing who he is carrying, plunges into the depth of the sea and drowns the poor boastful Ape. Doubtless, this story is the original of the modern legend of the British family on the Rhine, afflicted with *la maladie anglaise* of boasting of grand acquaintances, and who, being interrogated by a fellow tourist, "Whether they

knew the Dardanelles?" responded promptly, "That they saw a good deal of them, during the season, in London." In the *Hitopadesa* (the great Sanskrit collection of Fables), the Monkey again appears in a contemptible point of view, in the same light as in that of the Fisherman's Net. The particularity of the adventure as detailed in this ancient book is very droll. We quote from the literal translation of Mr. Francis Johnson; the charming little volume of Mr. Edwin Arnold, the "Book of Good Counsels," giving it less oddly.

In *Magadha-désa*, on a plot of ground adjoining the forest of *Dharma*, a theatre was begun to be built by one of the writer-caste, whose name was *Subha-Datta*, where between two parts a little way open of a beam of wood that was being cut with a saw, a Wedge had been inserted by a carpenter. To this spot a large herd of monkeys inhabiting the forest came for pasture, when one of them, as if directed by the wand of Death, sat down, grasping the wedge with both paws, his lower parts dangling enclosed between the two pieces of wood. Presently, from the giddiness natural to him, he with great effort drew out the wedge, so that, his lower parts being crushed by the two pieces of wood, he perished. Therefore, say I, the man who will meddle in matters with which he has no business, may lie on the ground repulsed, like the Ape that drew out the Wedge. — (*Hitopadésa*, B. xi. Fable 2.)

As to glorification by Art, the poor Monkey's form is not precisely one which a *Praxiteles* was likely to immortalize in marble, but he is pictured fairly well in many Egyptian frescoes, and the Hindoo Ape-god *Hanuman*, the King of the Monkeys, and ally of the hero *Rama* in his war against the Demon-king of *Lanka* (Ceylon), is continually reproduced in such sculpture and painting as usually illustrate the Brahminical mythology. [May we venture parenthetically to suggest that the "Monkeys," of whom this *Hanuman* was king, may very possibly have been the *Veddahs* of Ceylon, the primeval dwarfish and untamable human race who even now dwell in the trees in the central forests of the island?]

Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona.

There were Monkeys, as well as dogs, lions, and stags, before those which *Landseer* drew, but till that *Homer* of the Beasts told their tale with his brush, they died and were forgotten! We shall not now forget those two little playful apes which he has placed over his Arab

Tent,—for all the world as an old Italian painter would have drawn two cherubs hovering over a sacred scene; nor the sick Monkey, one of whose oranges (obviously left by a charitable visitor) another Monkey is sucking; nor the Travelled Monkey; nor the Monkey who is seizing the "Intrusive Puppy" by the tail; nor the Monkey who is munching the apple to the envy of the badger-dog looking on; nor last, not least, that remorseless creature who is making the Cat pick the chestnuts for him off the fire.

Even *Landseer*, however, who makes us weep with his deer and his dogs, shudder with his swans, and triumph with his foxes, only invites us to laugh with his monkeys. Nothing has been done yet by Literature or Art to help us to apprehend whatever there may be, or must be, in this nearest sub-human race, of elements of character which have developed in man into all the cardinal virtues. Only Mr. Darwin has gathered a few authentic anecdotes of courage and devotion; and there has been a lively correspondence in the columns of "Nature" concerning the question, what Monkeys feel about Death. Some families of apes, it would appear, do actually display the peculiarly human attribute of tenderness for the corpses of their kind, while others (*e.g.*, the intelligent Gibbons) go just so far as to be very kind to the sick, but perfectly indifferent so soon as death has taken place. "I keep in my garden," writes "Æ," "a number of Gibbon apes. One of these, a young male, fell from a tree, and dislocated his wrist. It received the greatest attention from the others, especially from an old female who was no relation. She used, before eating her own plantains, to take up the first and give them to the cripple. . . . One morning one was found dead in the fork of the tree. His comrades took no notice of him, and were playing and singing as usual close to him."*

M. Houzeau proposes that we should avail ourselves of such disposition to nursing and general intelligence in apes by substituting them for the Negro slaves, whose services are no longer obtainable:—

Le prochain problème [he says] dans les rapports de l'homme avec les animaux, est donc à nos yeux de rendre les grands singes domestiques, et de leur apprendre à parler. . . . Les grands singes sont si près de nous par la structure physique et par les attributs

* "Nature," January 29, 1874.

mentaux, qu'on s'étonne de l'oubli où l'homme les a laissés jusqu'ici. Il a asservi son semblable, tandis qu'il pouvait trouver hors de son espèce des serviteurs presque aussi utiles. Mais maintenant que l'esclavage a pris fin, n'est-ce pas le moment de songer à faire de nouveaux animaux domestiques ?*

Further on, M. Houzeau proceeds to cite cases wherein monkeys have been employed to gather tea-leaves, to keep up furnaces, to sweep rooms, to fetch water, and pound in mortars. But the profession for which he recommends them as peculiarly fitted (like the Negresses), is that of a Nurse, for which he considers they have singular physical, as well as moral, adaptation. We are checked in a profane inclination to smile at the prospect of an English mother committing her darling to the charge of the experienced Mrs. Troglodytes Niger, or of that "exemplary young person," Miss Macacus Silenus, by the solemn warning of the French savant, "Il n'y a rien dans ces prévisions qui ne soit fondé sur des notions scientifiques!"

Nothing is harder than to realize the inner life of a monkey. It seems plain sailing in comparison to understand the consciousness of the horse or the dog. We look into their clear, honest eyes, which meet ours so calmly and trustfully, and we seem to feel we know all they would say if they could speak; and that a metempsychosis which should cause us to waken up some day with four hoofs, or a propensity to bark, would not entirely surpass the bounds of imagination. But there is no fathoming the eye of a monkey. It is neither an animal's pellucid and innocent eye, nor yet the eye of a sane human being, but rather that of a cunning, half idiotic child. It never meets the gazer, but restlessly and nervously turns away, looking affectedly above or below him till he changes his position, and then with inconceivable rapidity glances into him with intense but unsympathetic curiosity. Sometimes (like poor little blind "Jenny," who died at the Zoological Gardens two years ago, and many other pets in private houses) monkeys became even touchingly affectionate, and also sometimes audaciously fearless and enterprising. But never do they lose this sinister habit of avoiding the human eye, or acquire the look of confidence and repose common to domesticated creatures. Poor Joe shakes hands

with his firm paw so well and cordially, that blind-folded it would be difficult to guess it was not the hand of a boy which we are pressing; and to those whom he considers his friends (the writer is proud to be accounted of the number) he will spring forward in welcome, and leap into their arms precisely like an affectionate child. Doubtless, if permitted, he would proceed to offer a kiss. Yet, in looking at this poor little being, the resemblance to an idiot boy—even to the sense that it would be murder to kill him—impresses itself most forcibly on every thoughtful spectator. The nearer the approach to humanity the more we are sensible that something is lacking—that great "something" which, for want of a better word, we must needs call by its old name, a "Soul!" As Mr. Greg has beautifully said, that in looking at a corpse we irresistibly feel that that poor clay (almost indistinguishable though it be by any outward sign from the man as we have often seen him asleep) is yet *not our friend*, not the being we have loved, and with whom we have held communion—in like manner, in watching even the most intelligent and affectionate ape, we are borne down by the sense of what is wanting, rather than of what is present, of likeness to humanity. It would truly seem as if by some fatality the Simioid race, approaching to us the nearest in outward form, and possibly (it might be found, if we knew them better in their natural state) even in intelligence also, have yet less than many other animals of the nobler attributes of manhood. Charles Kingsley's myth of the nation which, by idleness and vice, gradually lapsed back to savaghood, and thence in the course of a few millenniums, into a tribe of Gorillas, really represents the kind of impression which the study of monkeys leaves on us—as if they were a "Fallen Race," undergoing the penalty of past errors, and with a certain sense of shame, as of *pauvres honteux* who have "seen better days," and been made for something better; even while they waste all their shining hours in gambols, squabbles, and the pursuit of their tails.

Our space is exhausted, and we have not half named the beasts and birds whose characters seem to us to deserve reconsideration or rehabilitation. The Cat, foully slandered by the charge of treachery; the persecuted Rat, that "Gutter-child," in whom are lodged a thousand estimable and amiable qualities, were he but raised to a higher level of society;

* Houzeau, "Etudes sur les Facultés Mentales des Animaux," Vol. ii. p. 289. Paris: 1873.

the Serpent, once adored, as Mr. Ferguson shows us, in every corner of the globe, as the very Giver of Health and Life, and now cursed and abhorred, even when (as in the poor Slowworm and Green Snake) he is utterly guiltless of guile or venom—but where shall we stop? Is it to be at the frontier of the Vertebrate Kingdom? Who that has stood transfixed in astonishment, rapture, and amusement before the watery palaces of the Lobsters, the Hermit Crabs, and the Octopus, at Brighton or Sydenham, will ever again limit his sympathies to the mere accident of the possession of a backbone, or consider eyes set upon stalks as necessarily devoid of sentiment? Nay, more, though ever since the days of Solomon and of Virgil men have marked the wondrous instincts of the Ant and the Bee, it would appear as if modern researches were revealing in those tiny insects not merely unsuspected developments of intelligence (which we may, if we choose, cover by the almost meaningless term of "Instinct"), but evidences far beyond these of qualities for which we have no name but "moral;" helpful sympathies which have scarcely yet been exhibited so perfectly even by the lordly race of man. We have long known of the Ants' wondrous "Polity" and perfect "Organization of Labour;" their Kinder-garten plan of Public Nurture of the Young; their Cattle-farming of aphides, and other insects, whose honey-dew they milk; the mild form of Negro Slavery prevailing among several nations of red ants over black; and finally the huge Model Lodging Houses erected by many species, nearly double, in proportion to the size of the builders, that of the Great Pyramid to the height of man.* All these facts have for some time been known amongst us; and Hüber taught us the additional and very startling one, that ants retain both distinct memory and warm friendliness for one another for a period equivalent to a third of their lives—half a nestful of them which he had imprisoned for eight months in his house, returning to their home under a tree, with every demonstration of joy on their side, and of affectionate welcome on that of their long-parted companions, who expelled strangers of the same species, similarly introduced by Hüber, with fury and slaughter. But these indications of calculating wisdom, industry, and friend-

liness pale before the revelations of such qualities among the ants of Nicaragua, just published by Mr. Belt. Here we have nomad ants (*Encitons*), wandering Bedouins of the forest, forever on the tramp, devouring all the dead and living insects they can find; and other ants (*Ecodama*), who pursue, on the contrary, the stationary and peaceful profession and vegetarian habits of Mushroom growers. These latter keep huge cellars, as large as a man's head, beneath their houses, wherein they form hot-beds of countless millions of circular pieces of leaves, of the size of sixpences, cut from the trees, which they strip all around them. As the leaves decay away, carefully guarded against drying up too soon, a minute fungus grows throughout the hot-bed, and on this the little gardeners subsist. And lastly, and most wonderful of all, we find these atoms of creatures, of whom that guide of our infancy, Dr. Watts, so complacently observed:—

We tread them to dust, and a troop of them dies

Without our regard or concern;

displaying kindly affections and helpfulness, such as only the elephant and the dog among animals are recorded (and that in a very limited number of cases) ever to have displayed. Mr. Belt says of the Enciton ant, that he one day placed a little stone on one to secure it. The next ant, on discovering its friend's situation, ran about in an agitated manner, and communicated the intelligence to others, who rushed to the rescue. Some bit at the stone, and tried to move it; others tugged at the prisoner's legs, till at length they set him free. The same thing happened when Mr. Belt covered up ants with morsels of clay, leaving only the antennæ projecting. The other ants immediately summoned assistance, and never relinquished their efforts till the prisoner was released. Well may he say, "I do not see how such actions can be instinctive. It was sympathetic help such as man only, among the higher mammalia, displays" ("The Naturalist in Nicaragua," p. 26). What, then, shall we say of these poor little insects who, if they were rational and moral beings, could not possibly afford us other or greater evidence of the fact than they actually supply? Were we able, by aid of the telescope, to trace in the moon similar actions of a race as large, or ten times as large, as ourselves, should we hesitate to regard them with approximate certainty as our

* The Great Pyramid is 460 feet high. In proportion to a nest of termites it should be 720.

fellows of the sky? Who, then, shall determine how far Rationality be dependent on Bulk; and how we ought to look upon those moving atoms beneath our feet, who have actually realized all, and more than all, the triumphs of Co-operation, Patriotism, and Friendship, Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, which ancient or modern Communists and Utopists—Lycurgus, Plato, More, Fourier, or Owen—ever hoped for in their dreams?

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE STORY OF VALENTINE; AND HIS BROTHER.

CHAPTER X.

THE Hewan was not a cottage of gentility. It was too small, too homely, too much like a growth of the soil, to belong to any class that could be described as *ornée*. The roof indeed was not thatched, but it was of red tiles, so overgrown with lichens as almost to resemble a thatch, except in the rich colour, which, to tell the truth, very few people appreciated. Its present owner was a shopkeeper in Lasswade, in whose heart there were many searchings about the vulgarity of its appearance, which he felt sure was the reason why it was not more easily let for the summer; and this good man had almost made up his mind to the expense required for a good slate roof, when Mr. Pringle fortunately appeared and engaged it "as it was." A sort of earthen embankment, low and thick, encircled the little platform on which it stood. There was nothing behind it but sky, with a light embroidery of trees; for it occupied the highest "brae head" in the neighbourhood, and in a more level country would have been described as situated on the top of a hill. Before it lay the whole course of the Esk, not all visible indeed, narrowing here and there between high banks, now and then hiding itself under the foliage, or capriciously turning a corner out of sight,—but always lending to the landscape that charm of life which water more than anything imparts to the inanimate world around. Cliffs and trees, and bits of bold brown bank, and soft stretches of greensward, all took a certain significance and explained their *raison d'être* by the river. The houses, too, from the dignified roofs of Rosscraig lower down the stream, showing the turrets, which little Violet supposed to be made of gold, between

the clouds of trees—down to the square white houses of the paper-mill people on the other side, and here and there rough red tiles of a cottage of earlier date—the river was the link which held them all together. The usual geographical indications on Eskside were not by the points of the compass, as is so common in Scotland, but by the stream—"up the water" or "down the water." The Hewan was a long way up the water from Lasswade, yet not so far but that many a visitor would climb the brae to "get their tea" with old Mrs. Moffatt, who was the mother of the proprietor,—living in charge of the house, and not too proud to superintend the domestic arrangements of small families who hired it for the summer. She had a little room with a "box-bed," that mystery of discomfort and frownsiness, but which was neither frownsy nor uncomfortable in the hands of the brisk little old woman—which her son had built on to the back of the house for her, and in which she continued summer and winter, retiring herself there in dignified privacy when "a family" was in full possession. Mrs. Moffatt's little room, which had been made on purpose for her, had no communication with the cottage. She considered it a very dignified retirement for her old age. John Moffatt, her son, was a shoemaker in Lasswade; and when the savings of his cobbling enabled him to buy the Hewan, and establish his mother there, no noble matron in a stately jointure-house was ever half so proud. Such a feeling indeed as pride, or even satisfaction, rarely moves the mind of the dethroned queen who has to move out of the house she has swayed for years, and descend into obscurity when the humiliation of widowhood befalls her. Mrs. Moffatt, good old soul, had no such past to look back upon. She had been long a widow, knocking about the world, doing whatever homely job she could find, struggling to bring up her children; and the Hewan and the little back room represented a kind of earthly paradise to the cobbler's mother. The summer lodgers who paid her for cooking and keeping in order their little rooms, gave the frugal old soul enough to live on during the winter; and when by chance a family came which had no need of her, good John, out of the abundance of the rent, allowed his mother the few weekly shillings she required. She had a little kitchen garden to the back, surrounding her nest, as she called it, and kept a pig,

which was her pride and joy, and a few chickens. If she could but have had a cow, the old woman would have been perfectly happy; but as it is not, I suppose — or at least so people say — good for us to be perfectly happy, the cow was withheld from her list of mercies granted. Good little soul, her mouth watered sometimes when she thought of the butter she could make, and of the cheeriness of having "a neebor's lassie" coming in with her picher for the milk, or even the luxury of a "wee drap real cream" in her cup of tea. But to mourn for unattainable things had never been in her way; and when she went "doon the town" with a basketful of eggs for her daughter-in-law, she was as proud and happy in her homely gift as if it had been gold or diamonds. She was a friendly body everybody testified, and known up the water and down the water as always serviceable and always cheery. When there was any gossip going on of an interesting nature, some one in Lasswade or the neighbourhood always found opportunity of taking a walk up to the Hewan and a cup of tea with old Jean, who was every one's friend.

On such occasions Mrs. Moffatt carefully skimmed everything that looked like cream from the milk which had been standing in a bowl for this purpose since the morning, and put on her little kettle, and took out her best china, and even prepared some "toasted bread" over and above the oat-cakes, which were her usual fare. The window of the old woman's nest looked out upon a dark wilderness of trees, which descended down a steep bank to the upper Esk, and shut out any view. Her door was generally open, as well as the window, so that the rustling of the trees and the singing of the kettle kept pleasant company. Her boarded floor was as clean as soap and water could make it, and her hearth well swept and bright; a huge rug, made by her own hands (for she was a capable old wife) out of strips of cloth of all colours, looked cosy before the fire. Her bed, like a berth in a ship, appeared behind, with a very bright bit of chintz for curtains, and covered with a gay patchwork quilt. She had some brilliantly-coloured pictures on the walls — a wonderful little boy with big eyes and a curly dog, and a little girl with long curls and a doll, not more staring and open-eyed than herself. The old lady thought they were like "our wee Johnny and Phemie down the town," and found them "grand

company." She had some brass candlesticks and a glorious tea-caddy on the mantelpiece, and such a tea-tray set up against the wall as would have made all other ornamentations pale. "The worst o't is, ye maun be awfu' solitary, especially in the winter time, when there's naeboddy ben the house, and few on the road that can help it," her friends would say. "Me solitary!" said old Jean. "I'm thankful to my Maker I never was ane that was lanesome. I'm fond o' company, real fond o' company — but for a while now and then it's no' that ill to have your ain thoughts. And then there's the hens, poor things, aye canty and neighbour-like, troubling their heads about their sma' families, just as I used to do myself — and Grumphy yonder's just a great diversion; and when it's a cauld night, and I shut to the door, there's the fire aye stirring and birring, and the wee nest as warm as can be, and the auld clock, tick, tick, aye doing its duty, poor thing, though it might be tired this hunder year or twa it's been at it; and there's a hantle reading in the 'Courant,' though maybe the 'Scotsman's' bigger, and I'm on the Leeboral side myself. Toots! solitary! there's naeboddy less solitary than me."

A cheerful soul is always a social centre, however humble it may be. Jean's friends accordingly went to see her, not out of pity, as to cheer a poor solitary old woman, but for their own amusement, which in this kind of social duty is by far the strongest motive. She was about the best-informed woman on all Eskside. Every kind of gossip made its way to her; and I doubt whether the people in Ross-craig House themselves, knew so well all that had happened and all that everybody said on the night of little Valentine's arrival. She heard a great deal even from Mrs. Harding herself, the housekeeper, who could not resist the temptation of confiding a few details, not generally known, to her old friend's keeping. For Jean was known to be a person in whom it was possible to repose confidence, not one that would betray the trust placed in her. However, the tables had been turned in Mrs. Moffatt's favour, since it became known in Ross-craig that Mr. Pringle had taken the Hewan for the season. Lady Eskside herself got out of her carriage one day as she passed, and went to pay the old woman a visit. She went into the cottage, and complimented old Jean on the excellent order in which she kept it. "I hear it has been taken by a relation of ours — Mr. Pringle," she said.

"I didna ken he was a relation of your leddyship's; but it's Mr. Pringle sure enough. I was sure I kent the face — no doubt I've seen him coming or going about the House."

"He comes very seldom to see us," said Lady Eskside. "In fact, before my grandson was born he considered himself the heir — after my son, you know; and he has been dreadfully disappointed, poor man, since. Val, don't go too near the dyke!"

"And this is the heir, nae doubt, my lady? — eh, what a bonnie bairn! Nane that see him need ever ask the rank he's born to. He has the look of a bit little prince. And I wouldna say but he was fond of his own way whiles —"

"More than whiles, more than whiles," said the old lady, graciously; "he is just a handful. But Mr. Pringle has a large family, if it's him. He will never find room for his bairns in this little bit of a place."

"It's chiefly for the wee miss he had with him, my lady. She's delicate, they say; and if ever a man was wrapt up in a bairn — and her so delicate —"

"Dear me, I am sorry to hear it!" said Lady Eskside, whose sympathy was instantly aroused; "will it be anything the matter with the chest? I am always most afraid for the chest in children. Mr. Pringle is a most excellent man. He has been a little disappointed and soured perhaps — but he is an excellent person. The air is sharp up here, Jean — too sharp for a delicate child. If she should want anything, cream or fresh milk in the morning, be sure you let me know. Cream is excellent for the lungs. I like it better than that oil that doctors give now — nasty-smelling stuff. But if there is anything the poor child should want, be sure you send to me."

Lady Eskside was an acute woman, but she was foolish in this particular. She caught her own healthy blooming grandchild on the edge of the low embankment, where he was hazarding his life in warm enjoyment of the risk, and gave him a kiss though he deserved a whipping, and said, "Poor Sandy Pringle!" with the most genuine feeling. She went into Lord Eskside's library when her drive was over, full of this information. "You need not alarm yourself about Sandy Pringle, poor man," she said; "he has taken the Hewan on account of his poor little girl who is delicate — her chest, I am afraid. If you remember, his mother died of consumption quite young. It's a

terrible scourge when it's in a family. My heart is sore for him, poor man. When the child comes we must have her here, and see if anything can be done. Perhaps if they were to take it in time, and send her to Madeira or some of these mild places; there is always hope with a bairn."

"My word, my lady, but you go fast," said the old lord, with his little grey eyes twinkling under his shaggy eyebrows. But he did not convince her any more than she convinced him. And indeed, when the Pringle family began to appear about the woods, every member of the household at Rossraig, down to my lady's young footman, felt that curiosity of opposition in respect to them which is almost as eager as the curiosity of partisanship. Mrs. Harding the housekeeper had for her part taken up Lord Eskside's view of the subject, and when she too made a visit to Jean Moffatt one evening of the early summer, her purpose was of a more sternly investigating order than that of Lady Eskside.

"How do you like the folk ben the house?" she said, as she sat at tea; the cake she had brought "in a present" was placed on the table in the place of honour, and the tea was "masking" before the fire. It was a soft evening in May. The door was open, but the fire was not disagreeable, and the sound of the Esk far down below the brae, and the rustling of the leaves close round the house, were softened by the air of spring into a pleasant murmur. The family "ben the house" being separated by a good Scotch stone wall from old Mrs. Moffatt's nest, gave no sound of their neighbourhood, and nothing but that wild but soft cadence of the waters and the trees interrupted the homely domestic harmonies more closely at hand — the cheery little stir and *pétilement* of the fire, the singing of the kettle, the purring of the cat, the ticking of the old clock. Mrs. Harding combined an earnest desire for information with a very pleasant sense of the immediate comfort and ease which she was enjoying. My lord and my lady were "out to their dinner," and Harding himself had promised to daunder up to the Hewan in the gloaming and fetch his wife home. Being "out to her tea" was an unusual event in the housekeeper's responsible life, and the enjoyment it gave her was great. "Eh, how quiet and pleasant it is!" she added, almost with enthusiasm; "this is one of the days you can hear the grass growin': and to get

away from a' the stew and bustle o' the dinner, the hot fire, and the smell o' the meat, and thae taupies that let one thing burn, and another boil over. If I were to envy onybody in the world, I think, Jean Moffatt, it would be you."

"Hoots," said the old woman, with a pleasant consciousness that her lot was enviable; "when you and your man make up your mind to retire, my certy, ye'll be a hantle better off than the likes o' me."

"And when will that be?" said Mrs. Harding, with a sigh; "no as lang as *They* live, for they couldna do without my man an' me. But I was saying, how do you like the folk ben the house?"

"You shouldna let yourself be keepit in bondage," said Jean, with a touch of sarcasm; "when folk *maun* do without ye, they *can* do without ye—I've aye seen that. Oh, I like them real well. They come and they gang, and now it's a breakfast, and now the bairns' dinner—nothing more—and aye a maid to serve them; so it suits me fine. The lads are stirring boys, and Missie's a darling. She makes me think upon one I lost, that was the sweetest o' a' my flock. Eh! if you could but keep a girlie like that aye the same, what a pleasure it would be in a house! But the bit things grow up and marry, and have weans of their own, and get to be just as careworn and wrinkled as yourself. I think whiles my Marg'ret, with ten of a family, and a man no better than he should be, is aulder than me."

"It's the course of nature," said Mrs. Harding—"we maunna grumble; but I'm sure when I see a' that folk have to go through with their families, I'm thankful I have nane of my ain. Ye ken your Mr. Pringle sets up to be *our* heir! It's real ridiculous if it wasna provoking. I could laugh when I think o't. He must have been terrible cast down when Mr. Richard brought hame his boy."

"But I thought it was a randy wife, not Mr. Richard—"

"Whisht!" said the housekeeper; "we'll say no more about that. It's no' a story I pretend to understand, but I'm rather thinking it was some Italian or other that Mr. Richard sent with the bairn. Foreigners are strange cattle. And whether it was man or woman I wouldna say, for nobody saw them but my man, and he's confused about the story. But this is clear, it was Mr. Richard sent the bairn hame; and reason guid. You should have heard his man

on Eetaly and thae places. You might as well sell your soul to Satan, and better too, for you would aye get something by the bargain—and there's no' even *that* comfort out there. Ye canna but wonder at Providence that lets a' that play-acting and fiddling and breaking o' the Sabbath gang on, and takes nae mair heed than if a' thae reprobates were sober, decent, kirk-going folk like ourselves. But I'm thinking their time will come."

"Poor bodies! I daur to say they ken nae better," said Jean. "It'll be by the mother's side that the Pringles and the Rosses count kin?"

"Na; how could that be, when he thinks himsel' the heir? When ye've ance lived in a high family, ye learn a heap of things. Titles never gang the way o' the spinning-wheel, nor land that's entailed, as they call it. It's lad comes after lad, and the lasses never counted. I canna say it's according to justice, but it's law, and there's nae mair to be said. This is the way of it, for my lady told me hersel': A Ross married a Pringle that was an heirless two or three hunder years ago, and took his wife's name, which was a poor exchange, though I'm saying nothing against the name of Pringle; my first place was with the Pringles of Whytfield, a real fine family. And now that a' the Rosses have died down to the present family, the Pringles have come up-permost. My lady herself was six or seven years married before Mr. Richard was born. So ye see they've had the cup to their lips, as you may say, more than once. That's a thing I could not bide. I would rather be my man's wife, knowing I could be no better all my days, than expect to be my lady, and never win further ben."

"It's much the same in a' ranks o' life," said Jean. "There's my Marg'ret; it's been her desire a' her days to get the house at the Loanhead, with a nice bit land, that would gang far to feed her family. She's had the promise o't for ten years back. Old John Thomson was to flit afore he died, but that fell through; and when he died, they couldna refuse to let his son come in; and then it was reported through a' the parish that young John was to emigrate—"

"I've heard that," said Mrs. Harding; "and I aye give my advice against it: for nae man will ever succeed if he doesna work hard; and if he'll work hard, he'll do very well at hame."

"Young John was to emigrate," con-

tinued Mrs. Moffatt; "and it was a' settled about his roup, and Marg'ret was sure of getting in by the term; when what does he do but change his mind! I thought the poor lass would have broken her heart; and oh, the fecht she has with a' thae bairns and a weirdless man. Then he had that awfu' illness, and it was reported he was dying. My poor Marg'ret came to me the day he was prayed for in the kirk, with red een. 'I'm doing naething but pray for him,' she said; 'for oh, if I didna pray for him to mend, I would wish him dead, mother; and what comfort could I ever have in anything that came to me after that?' The man got weel," said the old woman, with a sigh; "he's as weel as you or me, and a hantle younger, and he canna make up his mind if he'll go or bide. It's awfu' tantalizing; and it happens in a' classes of life. I'm real sorry for the poor gentleman, and I hope he doesna take it to heart like my Marg'ret, poor lass!"

"Ye mean well," said Mrs. Harding, half affronted; "but to pity the next heir is like grudging the Almighty's mercies to us. Folk should learn to be content. I'm no saying for your Marg'ret; but Mr. Pringle is as weel off as he has any right to be, and why should he come spying upon my lord and my lady? Folk should learn to be content."

"It's awfu' easy when it's no' your ain case," said Jean; "an' I suppose we've a' as much or mair than we deserve; but that does not satisfy your wame when you're hungry, nor your back when you're cauld. The maister has never been out here since the first time. The leddy came once, a fine sensible woman, that looks weel after her family; but it's Missie that's the queen o' the Hewan. As it's such a fine night, and nane but bairns in the house, if you'll come ben we'll maybe see them. I'll have to think o' some supper for them, for thae lang ladies are just wolves for their supper. Or maybe you'll first take another cup o' tea?"

Mrs. Harding declined this hospitable offer, and rose, taking her shawl and bonnet with her, for it was nearly the time, she remarked, when she "must be going." The two lingered outside to look at the hens, and especially that careful but premature mother who had begun to "sit," though the weather was still but moderately adapted for the fledglings; and then they made a momentary divergence to see "Grumphy," who was the pride of

his mistress's heart. "I'll no' kill him till after harvest, and I'll warrant you there'll be no better meat between this and Edinburgh. Poor beast!" she said, with a mixture of the practical and sentimental, "he's a fine creature, and has a fine disposition; but it's what we a' must come to. And yonder's where I would keep the coo—if I had ane," she added with a sigh, pointing to a little paddock. The cow was to old Jean what the barony of Eskside was to Mr. Pringle, and the house at the Loanhead to her daughter Marg'ret: but the old woman's lot was the easiest, in that the object of her desire was not almost within her longing grasp.

CHAPTER XI.

LORD and Lady Eskside, as the reader has seen, were not quite in accord about their grandson, or at least they took different views of the circumstances which attended his arrival. They took (perhaps) each the view which came naturally to man and woman in such a position of affairs. The old lord, although himself at length absolutely convinced that the boy was his son's child and his own heir, was deeply oppressed by the consciousness that though there was moral certainty of this fact, there was no legal proof. "Moral certainty's a grand thing," said Willie Maitland, the factor, a man who knew the Eskside affairs to the very depths, and from whom there were no secrets possible; but he spoke so doubtfully as to inflame the mind of my lady, who sat by listening to their talk with an impatience beyond words.

"A grand thing!" cried Lady Eskside; "it is simply everything: what would you have more? And who can judge in such a question but ourselves? my son, who must know best, and my old lord and myself, who are next nearest? What do the men mean by their dubious looks? What can you have more than certainty? Mr. Maitland, with your knowledge of the law, I would like you to answer me that."

"Well, madam, as my lord says," said Willie Maitland, who was old-fashioned in his manners, "there is legal proof wanted. It may be just a deficiency on our part—and indeed, according to the Scriptures themselves, law is a sign of moral deficiency—but everything has to be summered and wintered before the Lords of Session."

"And what have the Lords of Session to do with our boy?" said my lady indig-

nantly. "I hope we are not so doited but what we can take care of him ourselves."

"My dear Catherine, that is not the question."

"What is the question, I would like to know?" said Lady Eskside, flushing with the heat of argument. "Do I need the Lords of Session to tell me whose son my own bairn is? I think you are all taking leave of your senses with your formalities and your legal proof. Poor Alexander Pringle there, up the water, cannot bring his delicate little girlie to the country for change of air but you thinks he's plotting against Val. If this suspicion and distrust of every mortal is what your bonnie law brings, I'm thankful for my part that I know nothing about the law; and I wish everybody was of my mind."

Lord Eskside and his factor went out quite cowed from my lady's presence. They were half ashamed both of the law and themselves, and I think the visit which they made to the land which was being marked out for "feus" was necessary to get up their spirits. Lord Eskside was rather excited about these feus—allotments of land to be let for building, upon a kind of copyhold which secured a perennal revenue in the shape of ground-rent to the proprietor: though he was a little disposed at the same time to alarm himself as to the persons who might come to live there, and perhaps bring Radical votes into the county, and corrupt a constituency still stanch, amid Scotland's many defections, to "the right side." This public anxiety was a relief to his mind from the private anxiety; for however public-spirited a man may be, and however profound his interest in politics, the biting of a little private trouble is more sharp and keen than that patriotic concern for his country which drives him wild with excitement over a contested election. Willie Maitland the factor—a man "very well connected," half a lawyer, half a farmer, and spoken of by every soul in the parish and on the estate by his Christian name—was big and burly and easy-minded, and took things much more easily than his lord. "By the time there is any question of the succession," he said, "the story will be clean forgotten. It will be many a year, I hope, before Richard succeeds, let alone the boy."

"Ay, ay, that is very true," said the old lord, knitting his brows; "it may be many a year; but it might be a question of days, Willie, for anything you and

me can tell. Well, well; for the moment we can make nothing better of it; and here are the feus. Good morning, doctor! I hope you're all well at the Manse. It is a fine day for a walk. We are going to take a look at Willie Maitland's pet scheme here."

"An excellent scheme," said Dr. Bruce, the parish minister, turning to accompany them, with all that sober pleasure in something new which moves the inhabitants of a tranquil rural district in favour of such gentle revolutions as do not affect their own habits or comforts; and the three gentlemen spent an agreeable half-hour pacing and measuring the allotments. While they were thus engaged, Lady Eskside drove past with Val on the coach-box making believe to drive. "There is my lady with her boy," said Lord Eskside, waving his hand to them as they passed; but he thought he saw an incredulous smile upon the face of the minister, which took away from him all pleasure in the feus.

My lady worked while my lord thus allowed himself to be overcast by every doubtful look. Strong in her moral certainty, she took the means which lay in her power to spread this conviction far and wide; and as she worked very hard at this undertaking, she had a right to the success, which she enjoyed thoroughly. Her chief work was with the child himself—the strange little unknown being unable to express all the wonderments that were in him at his change of lot, who was in her hands as wax in some respects, while in others she could make but little of him. Val had reconciled himself to the revolution in his fate with wonderful facility. He was so young, that after a few fits of violent weeping and crying for his mother and his brother, he had to all appearance forgotten them; and being indulged in every whim, and petted to the top of his bent, with abundant air, exercise, toys, and caresses, had so adapted himself to his new position as to look familiar and at ease in it before many weeks had passed. What vague recollections and baby thoughts upon the subject might be in him, nobody knew; but as childish recollections are in most cases carefully cultivated and exist by means of constant reminders, I suppose Val, deprived of such aids, actually did forget much more readily than children usually do. Lady Eskside devoted herself specially to his polish and social education, to the amending of his manners and speech, and the imparting of those acts of

politeness which are the special inheritance of small gentlemen: she succeeded, to her own surprise, much more perfectly than she had hoped to do. Val took to the teaching in which no books nor perplexing printed symbols were involved, with perhaps a precocious sense of humour, but certainly a readiness of apprehension which filled my lady with joy. She taught him to bow, to open the door for her when she went out or in, to listen, and to reply; and what was still more wonderful, to sit still when circumstances demanded that painful amount of self-restraint. "A little gentleman tries first of all to be pleasant to other people," said his instructress. "When you are out playing, you shall please yourself, Val, and everybody shall help you to enjoy yourself; but in company a gentleman always thinks of others, not of himself." And having well laid down this principle, my lady proceeded, with great minuteness, to details. She thought it was a certain sign of his gentle blood that he learned his social lesson with such quickness; but I am inclined to believe that Valentine's success was owing much more surely to that latent dramatic power which exists in almost all children, and which they are so proud and happy to exercise on every possible occasion. Certainly, whatever the cause was, the result was triumphant. When Val was alone—in the nursery, where he ruled like a little despot, or out of doors, where he conducted himself like a tiny desperado, always in mischief—he was uncontrollable; but in the drawing-room, when his grandmother received her visitors, or when he accompanied her on the visits which it was now a point in her diplomacy to make, no little paladin born in the purple could have shown more perfect manners, or behaved himself more gracefully. He was acting a part, well defined and recognizable, and the *role* gave him pleasure. Not that the child himself was conscious of this, or could have defined what his instinct enabled him to do so perfectly; but yet the mental exercise was one that excited him, and called forth all his powers. The little actor threw himself off, as he jumped from the coach-box, where he had been driving wildly, with precocious dash and nerve, restrained, with difficulty, by the cautious old coachman, who knew exactly how much my lady could put up with—and assumed in a moment the gracious character of the little prince—suave, soft, and courteous—saying what he had to

say with childish frankness, and keeping himself still and in order with a virtue which was heroic. From the Dowager Duchess to the farmers' wives on Eskside, everybody was satisfied by these performances; and no reasonable creature who had seen Val's little exhibition could have lent a moment's credence to the vulgar story of the "randy wife." "I don't see the strong likeness to his father," said the Dowager Duchess, who was, as it were, the last court of appeal and highest tribunal of social judgment in the county. "To me there's another type of feature very evident besides the difference of complexion; but in manners, he's his father's son. Not a lout, like Castleton's boy, who ought to be a gentleman, heaven knows! if race is anything—on both sides of the house." Lady Eskside felt the implied sting about "both sides of the house," but bore it heroically, knowing that the Marquis of Hightowers, the Duke of Castleton's only son, was like any ploughman's child beside her "bonnie boy;" and it did not occur to her, any more than it did to Val himself, that the whole secret of his success was his superiority in dramatic power, and in enjoyment of that suppressed but exquisite joke of mystification which children by nature love so dearly. Probably it was the blood of gipsy and tramp and roadside mime in Val's veins which gave him more facility than usual in the representation; but the same gift shows in every nursery in a greater or less degree. Little Violet Pringle, with her dolls around her, discoursing to them—scolding one for its naughtiness, and another for having neglected its lessons, with high maternal dignity—was not more purely histrionic than was Val when he played at being young prince and good boy, according to his grandmother's injunctions, and enjoyed the mystification—unless when it chanced to last too long.

"He is a strange child," said Lady Eskside to her favourite confidant Mary Percival, whose visits became more frequent and prolonged after this, and whose curiosity about the boy, whom she was not fond of, gave a certain point of interest and almost excitement to the pleasure she had in seeing her old friend. "He is a strange boy. When he goes out with me, you should see, Mary, the gentleman he is. The politest manners—better than Richard's, for Richard was shy; never too forward, nor taking too much upon him, but a smile and an an-

swer for everybody; and ready to open the door or hand you anything, as if he had been brought up to it all his life. But when he comes back, he is just a whirlwind, nothing else — what is the meaning of it? I sometimes think the spirits of both the bairns have got together in one frame."

"You have heard nothing of the other?"

"Nothing; nor of *her*, which is hard to bear. I cannot say for my own part either that I feel it so hard; but I'm sorry for my old lord. I never saw him so full of fears and fancies. He thinks unless we can find her and the other boy, that Val's place in the world will never be sure. I tell him it's just nonsense. Who has anything to do with it but ourselves? and who can be such judges as we are? But he will not listen to me."

"I think Lord Eskside must be right," said Mary. "Lawsuits are terrible things, and bring great trouble. I know something about that."

"Lawsuits!" said Lady Eskside, with a laugh. "If Sandy Pringle has the assurance to bring a lawsuit, I think we could soon let him see his mistake. Besides, what could he bring a lawsuit about? I don't think you show your usual sense, my dear. Because my lord and me have found our son's son, and have killed the fatted calf for our grandbairn? The fatted calf is ours, and not Sandy Pringle's. He could scarcely make a case of that."

"No, indeed," said Mary; but she did not find any security in Lady Eskside's triumphant argument. Val had been out on one of his expeditions with his grandmother, in which he had won all hearts, and now was in the wood making the air ring with shouts, and letting out the confined exuberance of his spirits in every mode of noise and mischief possible to a child of his age. "That's the boy," said Lady Eskside, leaning from the open window to listen. "You may be sure he's on the rampage, as Marg'ret Harding says." The smile upon the old lady's face went to Mary's heart; there was the foolishness of love in it, as there was the foolishness of triumphant security in her reasoning. She was not troubled by the problem of this little creature so strangely thrown upon her hands, nor even by the twofold life, which she wondered at. People do not analyze the characters of their children, but accept them — often with a mingling of wonder at their peculiarities, and frank unconsciousness of

any cause for their peculiarities, which is very strange to the beholder. Lady Eskside took pride in Val's versatility, even while it occasioned her some delighted wonder; but she did not trouble herself by any speculations as to the qualities that produced it, or the results to which it might lead.

Thus things went on for some years, and the country-side, as Willie Maitland predicted, partially forgot the story. The boy grew tall and strong, a favourite in society, and not unpopular among the rougher public of his own age and kind, who, indeed, were chiefly represented to Val by the Pringle boys. The Pringles continued to keep possession of the Hewan partly because the children liked it, partly because the father still cherished in his secret soul some hope of finding out the fraud which he believed was being perpetrated against his rights and his boy's; and as the cottage was within easy reach of Edinburgh, some member of the family was almost always there. Sometimes it was the mother, with Violet and the little ones, sometimes the boys alone, walking out in a dusty merry party, on a holiday, for any diversion that happened to be in season. They came for skating in winter, for fishing in spring and autumn — for the Esk above the Hewan was sweet, and free from all poisonous paper-mills. And as they were undoubtedly relations, though in a very distant degree, it was not within the possibilities of Scotch politeness to refuse the boys some share of the shooting, and it was in the company of Sandy and his stalwart brethren that young Val first fired a shot and missed a bird. Though Lord Eskside looked glum at the association thus formed, and wondered more than ever what Sandy Pringle meant, it was impossible to keep his grandson from the company of the only boys within reach who were of his own class, or something approaching to it. He learnt all kinds of manly exercises from them or with them, and knew the way to the Hewan blindfold by night or day, as well as he knew the way to his own chamber — a result which the parents on either side were far from desiring, but seemed helpless to prevent. One day in summer, when the boy was about twelve years old, he escaped, I don't know how, from the tutor who had been brought from Oxford for him, and whose life Val did his best to make a burden. He got away quite early in the morning, and escaped into the woods, with a double sense

of pleasure in the thought that this holiday was surreptitious, the conquest of his bow and his spear rather than lawful leisure granted by lawful authority. Val had had no breakfast, but he did not mind—he was free. He went away into the thickest of the woods and climbed a tree, and lay there among the branches in a cradle of boughs which he had long since found out, looking up at the breaks of blue sky through the leaves in the fresh early morning, before anything was astir but the birds. Val was great in birds, like most country boys. He listened to the universal twitter about him, amusing himself by identifying every separate note, till he tired of this tranquil pleasure. Then he looked out from his lofty retreat to count how many different kinds of trees he could see from that leafy throne; and then for a few minutes he lay back with his face to the sky and watched the white airy puffs of cloud which floated slowly across the blue with a dreamy enjoyment. But such meditative pleasures could not last very long. It was true he had the delightful thought that he had played truant, and had a whole day to himself, to fall back upon when he was tired, and this was always refreshing. But after a while it weighed heavy upon Val that he had nothing to do, and presently even the satisfaction of having stolen a march upon Mr. Grinder scarcely bulked as large on his mind as the want of breakfast, which he saw no easy way of obtaining up here among the leaves. He did not venture to go to a gamekeeper's cottage for a share of the children's porridge, lest he should be led ignominiously back to Grinder and grammar. All at once a brilliant idea suggested itself—the Hewan! In a moment this notion was carried into practice; and Val, jumping down like a squirrel from his nest in the trees, stole up the brae under the deepest trees, through the ferns all wet with dew, to the little airy platform on which the sun was shining, where the windows had just been opened and the day begun. One little figure sat perched on the low earthen dyke looking down the course of the Esk over tower and tree, and showing from far like a blue flower in her bright-coloured frock. "It's the flag," said Val at first to himself, as he toiled upward through the high ferns, keeping carefully away from the path; then he corrected this first notion, and said, "It's Sandy's cricket-cap;" and then he added to himself with animation, "It's Vi!"

It was Vi, grown older and a little bigger since the first time she came to the Hewan—a very stately, splendid, foolish, idle little person, full of laughter and gravity and baby fun and precocious wisdom. She was as fond of taking care of everybody as ever she had been, but she forgot herself oftener, being older, and was not perhaps quite so severe on peccadilloes as at six. She was a little alarmed when she saw the big thing struggling upward among the ferns, and wondered whether there might really be a bear or a wolf in the woods, as there used to be in ancient times. A lion it could not be, Violet reflected, for the weather was too cold in Scotland for lions. She did not like to run away, but she thanked Providence devoutly that none of "the children" were here, and wondered with a delightful thrill of excitement whether, if it should be a lion, it would do anything to her. Then there came a whistle which Violet knew, and looking down through the bushes with a pleasant sense of safety, she recognized the wayfarer. "Oh, is it you?" she cried, calling to him from the top of her fortress; "I thought it was a bear." "Ay, it's me. There are no bears nowadays. Who has come?" said Val, laconic and *sans cérémonie*, as is the use of children, as he panted upwards to the embankment, and putting his foot in a crevice swung himself up with the aid of a tree. "You will break your neck," said little Vi, with great gravity; "how can you do such things, you foolish boys?—nobody has come but me."

"Nobody but you!" said Val, with a whistle of surprise and half regret. Then he added with animation, "I'm awfully hungry; give us some breakfast, Vi. I have run off from Grinder, and I don't mean to go home till night. You can't think how jolly it is in the woods when there's nobody to stop you, and you have everything your own way."

"Oh, Val!" cried Violet, not knowing how to express the tumult of her feelings. She could not approve of such wickedness, but yet "playing truant" bore a glorious sound about it. She had heard the words from fraternal lips, mingled with sighs of envy. Sandy and the rest had never gone so far as to play truant that she knew of; but the words suggested endless rambles, woods and streams and wild flowers, and everything that stirs a child's imagination; and it was the flush of June, when the woods are at their warmest and richest, and Vi was all

alone at the Hewan, hoping for nothing better than a story from old Jean Moffatt to beguile the endless summer day. Her eyes lighted up with excitement and curiosity. "Oh, Val! if they find you what will they do to you?" she cried with awe; "and where will you go, and what will you play at?" she added, eager interest following close upon terror. There was not a soul visible about the Hewan in the morning sunshine. Old Jean had gone away to her own quarters on the other side of the house, after putting Violet's breakfast upon the table in the little parlour — and was busy with her beloved Grumphy, out of sight and hearing. The innocent doors and windows stood wide open; the child, in her blue frock, musing on the dyke in childish dreaminess, had forgotten all about her breakfast. Absolute solitude, absolute stillness, infinitely more deep than that of the forest, which indeed was full of chatter and movement, and inarticulate gay society, was about this silent sunny place. The bold brown boy, with his curls pushed off his forehead, his cheeks glowing, his dress stained with the moss and ferns and morning dew, and his young bosom panting with exertion, looked the very emblem of Adventure and outdoor enterprise — the young reiver born to carry peace and quiet away.

"I'm awfully hungry," was Val's only response. "Vi, have you had your breakfast? I think I could eat you."

"To be sure I had forgotten my breakfast," said Violet, tranquilly; "you are always so hungry, you boys. Come in, there's sure to be plenty for both of us;" and she led the way in with a certain bustle of hospitality. There was a little coffee and a great deal of fresh milk on the table (for old Jean by this time had attained in a kind of vicarious way to the summit of earthly delight, and had, if not her own, yet Mrs. Pringle's cow to care for, and made her butter, and dispensed the milk to the children with a lavish hand) — with two little bantam's eggs in a white napkin, and fresh scones, and fresh butter, and jam and marmalade in abundance. Val made a very rueful face at the bantam's eggs.

"Is that the kind of things girls eat?" he said; "they're only a mouthful — I should like a dozen."

"You may have one," said Vi, graciously. "It's my own little white bantam, and they're always saved for me; but if you're so hungry, I'll call Jean —

or I'll go myself, and see what's in the larder."

"That is best," said Val; "it's nice to be by ourselves, just you and me. Don't call Jean; she might tell the gamekeeper, and the gamekeeper would tell Harding, and somebody would be sent after me. You go to the larder, Vi; and I'll tell you when you come back what we'll do."

Violet ran, swift as her little feet could carry her, and came back laden with all the riches the larder contained, the chief article of which was a chicken pie, old Mrs. Moffatt's state dish, which had been prepared for the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Pringle, who were expected in the afternoon. Vi either forgot, or did not know the august purpose of this lordly dish: and when were there ever bounds to a child's hospitality when thus left free to entertain an unexpected visitor? She had some of the pie herself, neglecting her little eggs, in compliment to Valentine, who plunged into it, so to speak, body and soul; and they made the heartiest of meals together, with a genuine enjoyment which might have filled an epicure with envy.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," said Val, with his mouth full; "we'll go away down by the waterside as far as the linn? — were you ever as far as the linn? There's plenty of primroses there still, if you want them, and I might get you a bird's nest if you like, though the eggs are all over; and I'll take one of Sandy's rods, and perhaps we'll get some fish; and we can light a fire and roast potatoes: you can't think how jolly it will be —"

"We?" said Violet, her brown eyes all one glow of brilliant wonder and delight; "do you mean me too?"

"Of course I mean you too — you are the best of them all," said Val, enthusiastic after his pie; "you never sneak, nor whinge, nor say you are tired like other girls. Run and get your hat; two is far better fun than one — though it's very jolly," he added, not to elate her too much — "all by yourself among the woods. But stop a minute, let's think all we'll take; if we stay all day we'll get hungry, and you can't always catch fish when you want to. Where's a basket? — I think we'd better have the pie."

A cold shiver came over Violet as she asked herself what old Jean would say; but the virtue of hospitality was too strong in her small bosom to permit any objection to her guest's proposal. "After all, it's papa's and mamma's, not old Jean's — it's not like stealing," Vi said

to herself. So the pie was put into the basket, and some cheese from the larder, and some scones, and biscuits, and oat-cake; the jam Vi objected to, tidiness here outdoing even hospitality. "The jam always upsets, and there's a mess," she said, with a little *moue* of disgust, remembering past experiences; therefore the jam was left behind. Valentine shouldered the basket manfully when all was packed. "You can bring it home full of primroses," he said, a suggestion which filled up the silent transport in Violet's mind. Had it really arrived to her, who was only a girl, nothing more, to "play truant" for a whole day in the woods? the thought was almost too ecstatic — for you see Violet in all her little life had never done anything *very wicked* before, and her whole being thrilled with delightful expectation. Val put the basket down upon the dyke, pausing for one last deliberation upon all the circumstances before they made their start; while Violet, scarcely able to fathom his great thoughts and advanced generalship, watched him eagerly, divining each word before he said it, with her glowing eyes.

"We shan't go by the road," said Val, meditatively, "for we might be seen. You don't mind the ferns being a little damp, do you, Vi? If you hold the basket till I get down I'll lift you over. But look here, haven't you got a cloak or something? Run and fetch your cloak — look sharp; I'll wait here till you come back."

Violet flew like the wind for her little blue cloak, which, by good luck, was waterproof, before she plunged down with her leader into the wet ferns. Poor little Vi! that first plunge was rather disheartening after all her delightful anticipations. The ferns were almost as tall as she was; and her little varnished shoes, her cotton stockings and frock, were small protection from the wet. Excitement kept her up for some time; but when her companion, far in advance of her, called loudly to Vi to come on, I think nothing but the dread of being taunted with cowardice ever after, and shut out from further participation in such expeditions, kept the child from breaking down. She held out valiantly, however, and after various adventures — one of which consisted in a scramble up to Val's favourite seat among the high branches, whither he half dragged half carried her, leaving the basket at the foot of the tree — they reached the bank on the side of the water where the sun shone, and dried her wet

skirts and shoes. Here the true delight of the truants began. "Take off your shoes and stockings, and I'll put them in the sun to dry," said Val, who, in his rough way, took care of her; and Violet had never known any sensation so delightful as the touch of the warm, mossy, velvet grass upon her small bare feet, except the other sensation of feeling the warm shallow water ripple over them, as Val helped her out by the stepping-stones to the great boulders at the side of the linn. The opposite bank was one waving mass of foliage, in all the tender tints of the early summer; whilst on that along which the children had been strolling the trees retired a little, to leave a lovely grassy knoll, with an edge of golden sand and sparkling pebbles. Through this green world the Esk ran, fretted by the opposition of the rocks, foaming over them so close by Violet's side that, perched upon her boulder, she could put her hand into the foaming current, and feel it rush in silken violence, warm and strong, carrying away with lightning speed the flowers she dropped into it — till her own childish head grew giddy, and she felt all but whirled away herself, notwithstanding that she sat securely in an arm-chair of rock, where her guardian had placed her. Vi would have been happy, beyond words to tell, thus seated almost in the middle of the stream, with the water rushing and foaming, the leaves shining and rustling, the whole universe full of nothing but melodious storms of soft sound — loud, yet soft, penetrating heart and soul — had it not been for the freaks of that wild guardian, who would perch himself on the topmost point of the boulder on one foot, with the other extended over the rushing linn; or jump the chasm back and forward with shouts of joyous laughter, indifferent to all her remonstrances, which, indeed, he did not hear in the roar of the waterfall. But the fearful joy was sweet, though mixed with panic indescribable. "Oh, Val, if you had fallen in!" she cried, half hysterical with fright and pleasure, when they got back in safety to the grassy bank. I suspect Val was rather glad to be back too in safety, though he could not restrain the masculine impulse of showing his prowess, and dazzling and frightening the small woman who furnished the most appreciative audience Val had ever yet encountered in his short life.

I need not attempt to describe the consternation which filled all bosoms in the two houses from which the truants had

fled, when their absence was discovered. The Pringles arrived to find their chicken pie gone, and their daughter, and Lady Eskside white with terror, consulting with old Jean Moffatt at the cottage door. Jean was not deeply alarmed, and could not restrain her sense of the joke, the ravaged larder, and the prudent provision of the runaways; but poor Lady Eskside did not see the joke. "How can we tell the children alone did it?" she cried, with terrible thoughts in her mind of some gipsy rescue — some wild attempt of the boy's mother to take him away again. She was ghastly with fear as she examined the marks on the dyke where the culprits had scrambled over. "No bairn ever did that," cried the old lady, infecting Mr. Pringle at least with her terrors. Lord Eskside and Harding and the gamekeepers were dispersed over the woods in all directions, searching for the lost children, and the old lady was on her way to the lower part of the stream, though all agreed it was almost impossible that little Vi could have walked so far as the linn, the most dangerous spot on Esk. "Would you like to come with me?" my lady said with white lips to Mrs. Pringle, whose steady bosom, accustomed to the vagaries of seven boys, took less alarm, but who was sufficiently annoyed and anxious to accept the offer. Mr. Pringle got over the dyke in the traces of the fugitives, to follow their route to the same spot, and thus all was excitement and alarm in the peaceful place. "It is not the linn I fear — it is those wild folk," cried poor Lady Eskside in the misery of her suspense, forgetting that it was her adversary's wife who was also her fellow-sufferer. But good Mrs. Pringle was nobody's adversary, and had long ago given up all thought of the Eskside lordship. She received this agitated confidence calmly. "They could have no reason to carry off my little Vi," she said, with unanswerable good sense. The two ladies drove down the other side of the hill to the water-side, a little below the linn, and leaving the carriage, walked up the stream — one of them at least with such tortures of anxiety in her breast, as the mother of an only child alone can know. Mrs. Pringle was a little uneasy too, but her boys had been in so many scrapes, out of which they had scrambled with perfect safety, that her feelings were softened by long usage. At the linn some traces were visible, which still further consoled Violet's mother, but did not affect Lady Eskside — Violet's little handkerchief to wit, very wet,

rather dirty, and full of primroses. "They have been playing here," said the more composed mother. "*She* has been here," cried the old lady, "but oh, my boy! my boy!"

"I see something among the trees yonder," cried Mrs. Pringle, running on. Lady Eskside was over sixty, but she ran too, lighter of foot than her younger companion, and inspired with fears impossible to the other. The sun had set by this time, but the light had not waned — it had only changed its character, as the light of a long summer twilight in Scotland changes, magically, into a something which is not day, but as clear as day, sweeter and paler — a visionary light in which spirits might walk abroad, and all sweet visions become possible. Hurrying through this tender, pale illumination of the woodland world about them, the two ladies came suddenly upon a scene which neither of them, I think, ever forgot. It was like a tender travesty, half touching half comic, of some maturer tale. Between two great trees lay a little glade of the softest mossy grass, with all kinds of brown velvet touches of colour breaking its soft green; vast beech-boughs stretching over it like a canopy, and a gleam of the river just visible. Over the foreground were scattered the remains of a meal, the central point of which — the dish which had once been a pie — caught Mrs. Pringle's rueful gaze at once. A mass of half faded primroses, mixed with the pretty though scentless blue violet which grows along with them, lay dropped about in all directions, having apparently been crazily propped up as an ornament to the rustic dinner table. Against the further tree were the little runaways — Violet huddled up in her blue cloak, with nothing of her visible but her little head slightly thrown back, leaning half on the tree, half on her companion, who, supporting himself against the trunk, gave her a loyal shoulder to rest upon. The little girl had cried herself to sleep — tears were still upon her long eyelashes, and the little pouting rose-mouth was drawn down at the corners. But Valentine was not sleeping. He was pondering terrible thoughts under his knitted brows. How he was ever to get home — how he was ever to get *her* home! The boy was chilled and depressed and worn out, and awful anticipations were in his mind. What would happen if they had to stay there all night through the midnight darkness, among the stirrings of the mysterious woods? Val knew what

strange sounds the woods make when it is dark, and you are alone in them — and a whole night! His mind was too much confused to hear the soft steps of the two ladies who stood behind the other big beech, looking, without a word, at this pretty scene — Lady Eskside, for her part, too much overpowered by the sudden sense of relief to be able to speak. I am not sure that a momentary regret over her chicken pie did not make itself felt in Mrs. Pringle's soul; but she, too, paused with a little emotion to look at the unconscious baby-pair, leaning against each other in mutual support; the little woman overwhelmed with remorse and fatigue, the little man moody and penitent over the dregs of the feast, and the wild career of pleasure past. But just then there came a crash of branches, and louder steps resounding down the brae among the ferns, which made Val's face light up with hope and shame, and woke little Violet from her momentary oblivion. Lord Eskside's party of beaters, and Mr. Pringle, solitary but vigorous, all converged at the same moment upon this spot. "Here, my lord," said Willie Maitland's hearty voice, with laughter that made the woods ring — "here are your babes in the wood."

CHAPTER XII.

THE exploit of the Babes in the Wood, as Willie Maitland called it, was one of the last freaks which Valentine played in his childhood by Eskside. Mr. Grinder, who was from Oxford, a cultured and dainty young Don, was recognized to be no fit tutor for a child who preferred the woods to the classics, and could not construe a bit of Greek decently to save his life. What agonies Mr. Grinder went through while his term of office lasted I will not attempt to describe. He was a young man of fine mind — one of the finest minds of his day, and that was saying a great deal. He loved pictures and fine furniture and dainty decorations as well as Richard Ross did, though perhaps he was not quite so learned; and when he first saw the great green cabinets in the drawing-room, could barely say the common civilities to Lady Eskside before he went on his knees to adore the Vernis-Martin. It may be supposed how little this dainty personage had in common with the boy, always carrying an atmosphere of fresh air about him, his pockets bulged out with unknown implements, his boots often clogged with mud, and his hands not al-

ways clean, whom it seemed a kind of desecration to introduce, all rustic and noisy, into the shadowy world of the Greek drama. Mr. Grinder, I am afraid, had looked with lenient eye upon his pupil's absence on that June day. He had not reported the truant, but reconciled himself easily to the want of him; and it was only when the day was almost over that he had taken fright at the boy's prolonged absence. Lady Eskside could not forgive him the panic he had caused her, and as soon as the most exquisite politeness and delicate pretences of regret made it possible, Mr. Grinder and his knick-knacks were got rid of; and a hard-working student from Edinburgh College, toiling mightily to make his way into the Scotch Church, and indifferent what labours he went through to attain this end, reigned in his stead. He was perhaps not so pleasant a person to have in the house, my lady allowed, but far better for the boy, which was the first object. The new man cared nothing about the sanctity of the Greek drama, and perhaps did not know very much, if the truth were told. He turned Valentine on to Homer, and marched him through battle and tempest with some rough sense of the poetry, but very little delicacy about the grammar. But he kept his eye upon his pupil, and got a certain amount of work out of him, and prevented all such runaway expeditions, relieving the old people from their anxieties for the moment; for Val was not an easy boy to manage. He had two natures in him, as Lady Eskside said, — the one wild, adventurous, uncontrollable; the other more than ordinarily adapted to social influences. But when a boy gets into his teens he is not so easily kept up to the pitch of drawing-room polish as is a dainty little gentleman of eight in velvet and lace. With the period of black jackets the histrionic power begins to wane — temporarily at least; and when Val at thirteen turned his back upon the Dowager Duchess, and fretted furiously against being taken to make calls, his terrified grandmother thought immediately, not of his age, but of the mother's blood, which made him clownish; and not only thought so herself, but was seized with a panic lest others should think so. It had made her proud to see how far her little Val surpassed in manners the Marquis of Hightowers; but it did not console her to think that Valentine now was no worse than his exalted neighbour. For alas! the mother of

Hightowers had as many quarterings on her shield as his august father, and the boy might be as great a lout as he liked without exciting any remark or suspicion; whereas poor Val could never be free of possible criticism on the score of his mother's blood.

This troubled the serenity of his childhood, though Val himself did not know the reason why. His recollections of the earlier period of his life had grown very vague in those years. Val had been well disposed to be communicative on the subject when he came to Eskside first. He had shown on many occasions a dangerous amount of interest and knowledge as to the economy of the travelling vans which sometimes passed through Lasswade with shows of various kinds, or basketmakers or tinkers; and once had followed one of them for miles along the road, and had been brought back again much disfigured with weeping, whimpering that his mammy must be there. But children are very quick to perceive when their recollections are not acceptable to the people about them, and still more easily led into other channels of thought; and as he had nothing near him to recall that chapter of his life to his mind, he gradually forgot it. There was still a vague light of familiarity and interest in his eyes if, by any chance, he came upon an encampment of gypsies, or the vans of a show, or even the travelling tramps upon the road. The boy, I think, came to be ashamed of this feeling of interest, and to divine that his early life was no credit to him, but rather something to be concealed, about the same time as he ceased to be the perfect little actor and social performer he had been in his first stage. He began to be conscious of himself, that most confusing and bewildering of experiences. This consciousness comes later or earlier, according to the constitution of the individual; but when it comes, it has always a confusing influence upon the young mind and life. When one's self thrusts into sight, and insists upon filling up the foreground of the scene, it changes all natural rules of proportion and perspective. The child or the youth has to review everything around him over again to get it into keeping with this new phantom suddenly arisen, which does nothing but harass his mind, and puts him out in all his calculations. Me—how much has been said about it, philosophies based upon it, the whole heaven and earth founded on this atom; but there is noth-

ing that bewilders the young soul so much as to see it surging up through the fair sunny matter-of-fact universe, and through the world of dreams, disturbing and disarranging everything. This change befel Valentine early. I think it began from that day in the woods, which was full of so many experiences. Even then he had been faintly conscious of himself—conscious of “showing off” to dazzle Violet on the linn—conscious of deceiving her as to their safety when she began to cry with fatigue and loneliness—and he, upon whom all the responsibility of the escapade lay, had to think how she was to be got home. In the chaotic bit of existence which followed, when Oxford, worsted, left the field, and Edinburgh, dauntless, came in, Valentine had a tough fight with this Frankenstein of himself, this creature which already had lived two lives, and possessed a vague confusing world of memories half worn out, yet not altogether extinct, alongside of his actual existence. I do not mean to pretend that the boy was a prodigy of reflectiveness, and brooded over these thoughts night and day; but yet there were times when they would come into his mind, taking all his baby grace away from him, and all the security and power of unconsciousness. Lady Eskside did not know what had come over her boy. She discussed it eagerly with her old lord, who tried in vain to dismiss the subject. “He’s at the uncouth age, that’s all,” said Lord Eskside. “Oh, I hope it is not his mother’s blood!” said the old lady. And thus the delightful day of playing truant in the woods was the primary cause of a wonderful revolution in Val’s affairs. The grandfather and grandmother made up their minds to deny themselves, and send him to school.

The incident of the Babes in the Wood scarcely made less impression on the side of the other culprit. Mrs. Pringle took her little daughter home, not without some emotion—for what mother can resist the delighted look of absolute security which comes to the face even of a naughty child, when, out of unimaginable danger and tragic desolation, it suddenly beholds the Deliverer appear, the parent in whom Providence and Power and Supreme Capacity are conjoined? But she was half amused at the same time; and indeed the whole household at the Hewan regarded Vi’s escapade with more amusement than alarm. “Oh, Miss Violet, to tak’ the pie—that was a’ I had for your papa’s and mamma’s dinner!” said old

Jean. "They maun be content with ham and eggs noo, for I've naething else in the hoose. My larder's sweepit clean," she added, when Violet had been carried off to have her damp and dragged garments changed. "Cheese and biscuits and everything there was: my word, but yon laddie maun have a good stomach! You wouldna think to bring the pie-dish back?"

"Indeed, we were too thankful," said Mrs. Pringle, "to find the bairns —"

"Oh, the bairns! bless you, there was never any fear o' the bairns; but my dish was new, or as good as new. I'll give little Johnny at the farm a penny to gang and look for't. There was three fine fat young chickens, no' to speak of eggs and a' the seasoning. If that laddie's no' ill the morn he maun be an ostridge, or whatever ye ca' the muckle bird ye get the feathers from; and a' the morning's milk and the new bread I laid in for your suppers! Just an ostridge! I wish the laddie nae harm, but he should have a sair head the morn, and a good licking, if he gets what he deserves."

"Alexander," said Mrs. Pringle, an hour or two later, when she, with a warm shawl on, took a seat for ten minutes on the earthen dyke to keep her husband company while he smoked his cigar. The night was still clear, and pale with the lingering of the light, though it was past ten o'clock; and the western sky shone with such silvery tints of celestial hue, sublime visions of colour, free of all earthly crudeness, as are never visible save in a northern summer. "Alexander, Sandy's wife, if he lives to have one, will never be Lady Eskside; but I would not wonder if you and me had more interest in that title than any daughter-in-law could give us. We'll see what time may bring forth."

"You mean you'll have it yourself? I am sure I hope so, one day, my dear," said Mr. Pringle, complacently: "not meaning any harm to Dick Ross; but his was never a very strong life."

"I am not meaning myself," said Mrs. Pringle, provoked. "How obtuse you are, you men! Neither you nor Sandy will ever have the lordship, you may take my word for that."

"And what do I care then who is my lady?" said the heavy husband. "I don't really see, my dear, why you should be so very decided against your husband and son. One would think you would be more likely to take our side."

Mrs. Pringle shrugged her shoulders

slightly, and drew her shawl closer round her. What was the use of throwing away her pearls — her higher insight? She changed the subject; and by and by, having no consolation of a cigar, and finding the lovely twilight chilly, though it was so beautiful, she went in, and went up-stairs to the little room in the roof where Violet lay warm and cosy, with her bright eyes still open, and turned to the soft clear sky of which her attic window was full. "Oh, mamma, was it very, very wicked to go?" said Violet. Her mother stooped to kiss the little tearful face.

"We'll say no more about it, Vi — but you must never play truant again."

"Never!" cried Vi, with a half sob which prolonged the word, and made it echo through the tiny chamber. Alas, there was more than penitence in the word; there was regret, there was the ghost of a delight made doubly precious by trouble and terror. Oh, no, never again! but what had all Violet's discreet and exemplary life — a life irreproachable and full of every (nursery) virtue — to show which could compare with the transport, and terror, and misery, and sweetness, of that one never-to-be-repeated day?

Vi had a great deal to bear afterwards, when the boys heard the story, and held over her the recollection of the "day she played truant," with all that delight in torture which is natural to their kind. But with all this they could not take from her the memory of it, which grew dearer in proportion as she buried it in her own small bosom. The running of the water, the rustling of the leaves, the solemn drowse of noon in the full sunshine, the soft velvet rush of the foaming linn over the little fingers with which she tried to stop its torrent, and all the stirrings and movements among the trees, peopled the child's recollection for many a day. Seated at a dull window in Moray Place, looking out upon the stiff garden with its shrubs — public property, and unlovely as public property generally is — Violet could see once more her bold companion leaping from one boulder to another, with the furious Esk underneath, and feel again a delicious thrill of visionary terror. She had learned more about "the country," about woods and wilds, and birds and squirrels, and about the sensations of explorers in a new-discovered land, than anything else could have taught her. "I too in Arcadia," she could have said: her one day of playing truant was

the possession out of which she drew most enjoyment; and I leave the gentle reader to imagine, as Violet grew older, whether she could dismiss the partner of this celestial piece of wickedness into the mere common region of indifference, and leave him there undistinguished by any preference. She was always Val's defender afterwards, when any discussion of his merits arose among the boys; and what was more remarkable still, Mrs. Pringle became Val's warm partisan and supporter, dismissing almost with indignation any suggestion which might be made to his disfavour. She was impatient of what she called her husband's "whimsey" about his heirship. "It is just a piece of folly," she would say with some heat. "Are the Esksides fools to take up a false heir? or what motive could they have? Your father is a very clever man, and has a great deal of sense in a general way. But, boys, don't you build any hopes upon this, for it's just nonsense. You may be sure they are not the kind of folk to commit themselves, or expose the property to certain waste and destruction, with an impostor for an heir——" That he should have so important a deserter from his standard filled Mr. Pringle with surprise. He was justified in thinking that it would have been natural that, right or wrong, she should have placed herself on her own boy's side. But Mrs. Pringle was a woman who was given to an opinion of her own, and was not to be persuaded out of it when once formed upon sufficient cause.

And thus the soft-paced time went on, gently, dallying with the children, spinning out long tranquil days for them, and years that seemed as if they would never be over, as he does not do with their elders. They grew up slowly like the grass, which never shows itself in the act of growing, but is, while yet we are unaware of it. The happiest of all life's various periods—not only to the younglings, who are unconscious of it, but also to the fathers and mothers, who sometimes have an inkling of the truth—it looks long while it is in progress, thank heaven—though after, I suppose, when it is over, and the birds are out of the nest, it is like everything else in life, as short to look back upon as a tale that is told. But in the meantime there is little more to be said than that the children grew. And by and by Rosscraig House fell into sudden shadow, as if the sun had gone behind a cloud, and the voices

in it died down into subdued sounds of old people's voices, as had been before the child came to it, turning everything topsy-turvy. Val had been sent to school.

From The Fortnightly Review.

TWO CHAPTERS ON THE REIGN OF LOUIS XIV.

CHAPTER II.

A.D. 1679-1715.

AFTER the conclusion of the Dutch War the reign of Louis XIV. enters on a period of manifest decline. The cost of the war had been tremendous. In 1677, the expenditure had been one hundred and ten millions, and Colbert had to meet this with a net revenue of eighty-one millions. The trade and commerce of the country had also suffered much during the war. With bitter grief the great minister saw himself compelled to reverse the beneficent policy of his earlier days, to add to the tax on salt, to increase the ever-crushing burden of the Taille, to create new offices—*i.e.* hereditary employments in the government—to the extent of three hundred millions,* augmenting the already monstrous army of superfluous officials, and, finally, simply to borrow money at high interest. The new exactions had produced widespread misery in the provinces before the war came to an end. In 1675, the Governor of Dauphiné had written to Colbert, saying that commerce had entirely ceased in his district, and that the larger part of the people had lived during the winter on bread made from acorns and roots, and that at the time of his writing they were seen to be eating the grass of the fields and the bark of trees.† The long-continued anguish produced at last despair and rebellion. In Bordeaux great excesses were committed by the

* That is, capital to that amount supplied to the Government, which, besides the small interest it brought to those who had paid it, conferred a post under the Crown, which was, moreover, hereditary. The reader has to conceive a universal system of purchase similar to that recently abolished in the English army, to gain a remote notion of the civil administration of France. It would be difficult to say what civil function was not at one time or another erected into an office. The function of selling flowers in the streets was purchased by the flower-girls of Paris for 200 livres.

† Il est assuré, Monsieur, et je vous parle pour en estre bien informé, que la plus grande partie des habitants de ladite province n'ont vescu pendant l'hiver que de pain de glands et de racines, et que présentement on les void manger l'herbe des prez et l'escorce des arbres.—Letter quoted at length in Clement's "Hist. de Colbert," p. 279.

mob, which were punished with severity. Six thousand soldiers were quartered in the town, and were guilty of such disorders that the best families emigrated, and trade was ruined for a long period. But Brittany witnessed still worse evils. There also riots and disturbances had been produced by the excessive pressure of the imposts. An army of five thousand men was poured into the province, and inflicted such terror on the population, that the wretched peasants, at the mere sight of the soldiers, threw themselves on their knees in an attitude of supplication, and exclaimed "meâ culpâ." The lively Madame de Sévigné gives us some interesting details concerning these events in the intervals when court scandal ran low, and the brave doings of Madame de Montespan suffered a temporary interruption. "Would you like," says the tender-hearted lady to her daughter, "would you like to have news of Rennes?*" There are still five thousand soldiers here, as more have come from Nantes. A tax of one hundred thousand crowns has been laid upon the citizens, and if the money is not forthcoming in twenty-four hours, the tax will be doubled and levied by the soldiers. All the inhabitants of a large street have already been driven out and banished, and no one may receive them under pain of death, so that all these poor wretches, old men, women recently delivered, and children, were seen wandering in tears as they left the town, not knowing whither to go, or where to sleep, or what to eat. The day before yesterday, one of the leaders of the riot was broken alive on the wheel. Sixty citizens have been seized, and tomorrow the hanging will begin." In other letters she writes, that the *tenth* man had been broken on the wheel, and she thinks he will be the last, and that by dint of hanging it will soon be left off.†

It would be difficult indeed to convey to any modern reader even an approximate conception of the ceaseless and revolting cruelty of the old fiscal system of France. In extortion and caprice it resembled the government of a Turkish Pacha, in cruelty the English government of Ireland during the rebellion of 1798. All who considered the subject were agreed that the weight of the taxes, terrible as it was, was the least of the grievances which the lower and working

classes had to endure, as compared to the mode in which the imposts were levied and distributed. For it must not be forgotten that this French Monarchy, so famed for its suppression of Feudalism, so unduly credited with consideration of the poor against the rich, never during the whole length of its evil existence — except when it was about to disappear and the great Revolution was thundering at its doors — never once did it relieve the weak and needy at the expense of the strong and wealthy, but always the reverse. Always in want of money, the Government took it wherever it could be found, and it was easier to get it from the dumb toilers (who had no means of protest but such as we have just seen, insurrection to be suppressed by massacre) than from the high and mighty, who could raise a formidable clamour. Mazarin once hoped to levy five millions by a tax on the opulent houses in the new quarters of Paris. Their rich inmates made a loud protest, and Mazarin, who loved quiet, transferred his five millions to the Taille.*

A mere catalogue of the innumerable exactions to which the French peasant was exposed, would fill more space than can be spared here. Indeed the subject is involved in much obscurity. The Fiscalité of the old régime is, in some degree, a lost science; so intricate, multiform and various were its ramifications, that many of its terms are without meaning, even to antiquaries. Even in the last century, when it was in full operation, it was generally regarded as a mystery to all but its own adepts, the financiers and their army of agents and collectors. A few examples taken almost at random are all that can be offered.

The excise on liquors, called *Aides*, was very onerous, but still more unbearably vexatious. The dues on wine, cider, and beer were so numerous, that they sometimes amounted to twenty times the cost price of the article. But even this prohibitive taxation was felt to be a less evil than the insulting intrusion into private life which the law permitted to its agents in the matter. These officials, whom one of Colbert's correspondents calls "ferocious animals," had the right of controlling the consumption in private houses. They took an inventory of the amount possessed by every private person after the vintage, and kept a regular account of its progressive diminution

* Rennes was what we should call Madame de Sévigné's county town.

† "Lettres de Madame de Sévigné," Oct. 30, 1675, *et seq.*

* De Tocqueville, "Ancien Régime," p. 178.

in the course of the year. No one durst refuse admission to these tyrants. A certain quantity was fixed by the excise for the yearly consumption of a household. If this quantity was exceeded, a tax was levied called "le trop bu," or the "over drunk." As Le Trosne, one of the most distinguished of the economists of that day, said, "A man could not drink his own wine quietly without keeping a current account with the agents of the excise."*

Another means of extortion was the department called the "Contrôle des Actes," by which nearly every written contract between man and man was submitted to the most inquisitorial scrutiny. It was not a matter of stamps, but every deed and document of the most intimate nature had to be subjected to the arbitrary inspection of a crowd of officials; and it is not hinted, but vehemently asserted, that the most scandalous fraud and extortion were freely practised on the public, which was without redress, as French officials were, as they are now, protected from prosecution by private individuals.†

But all this was nothing compared to the grinding iniquities of the Gabelle and the Taille. That is, the salt-tax, and the burdens laid on the agricultural peasants.

The chaos of legislation to which the Gabelle gave rise has always been acknowledged, by those who have attempted to give an account of it, as exceeding their powers of description and analysis. Le Trosne counted one hundred and eighty edicts, declarations, orders in Council, &c., in sixty-six years, not including the decrees of the *Cours des Aides*. All that can be said here is that not only was the price of salt rendered exorbitant by the tax, but its consumption at this exorbitant price was compulsory. Every human being above seven years of age was bound to consume seven pounds of salt per annum, which salt, moreover, was to be exclusively used with food or in cooking. To use it for salting meat, butter, cheese, &c., was prohibited under severe penalties. The average price of salt, over two-thirds of the country, was a shilling a pound. To buy salt of any one but the authorized agents of the Government was punished by fines of 200, 300, and 500 livres (about £80 of our money), and smugglers were punished by imprison-

ment, the galleys, and death. About twelve thousand persons, half of them children, were arrested every year for contraband traffic in salt. A second conviction was followed by condemnation to the galleys in the case of men, and whipping and banishment in that of women. The use of salt in agriculture was rendered impossible; and it was forbidden, under a penalty of 300 livres (about £50), to take a beast to a salt-marsh, or allow it to drink sea-water. Salted hams and bacon were not allowed to enter the country. The salt used in the fisheries was supervised and guarded by such a number of vexatious regulations that one might suppose the object of the Government was to render that branch of commerce impossible. The fisherman had not only to submit to a host of formalities before he could get any salt at all, but he had to undertake to touch land, on his return, at the same place from which he started, under penalty of confiscation and 300 livres fine—a calamity to which a short gale of wind might easily expose him. Stringent regulations are laid down as to how the fish were to be cured, and the time they were to remain in pickle. It is forbidden to put any salt in their bellies or their gills; they are to be only powdered lightly with a pound and a half of salt per barrel. Foreign importations, as might be supposed, are keenly watched. The casks must be opened in the presence of the officers, and all superfluous salt, or what the officers choose to consider as superfluous, is "to be thrown away as foul." This is done at the sea-ports, where importation takes place; but inland a still severer scrutiny awaits the goods. It is ordered that the fish shall be taken out one by one, and that "all superfluous salt be thrown away as foul."* One could have wished that this caricature of fiscal rapacity had not received even the reluctant approbation of the great Colbert, yet the regulations just cited are taken from the *ordonnance* of 1680. The times were too hard for him.

But even the Gabelle was less onerous than the Taille. The amount of the Taille was fixed in the secret councils of the Government according to the exigencies of the financial situation every year. The thirty-two Intendants of the provinces were informed of the amount which their districts were expected to

* Le Trosne, "L'Administration Provinciale," p. 163.

† "Anti-Financier," par Darigand, p. 53.

* Le Trosne, "L'Administration Provinciale," lib. iii.

forward to the Treasury. Each Intendant then made known to the Elections (sub-districts) of his Généralité the sum which they had to find, and the officers called Elus apportioned to each parish its quota of contribution.

Then, in the parishes, was set in motion a system of blind, stupid, and remorseless extortion, of which one cannot read even now without a flash of indignation. First of all, the most flagitious partiality and injustice presided over the distribution of the tax. Parishes which had a friend at Court or in authority got exempt, and with them the tax was a mere form. But these exemptions caused it to fall with more crushing weight on their less fortunate neighbours, as the appointed sum must be made up, whoever paid it. The inequalities of taxation almost surpass belief. "You may often see," says Vauban, "a farm worth three or four thousand a year pay a rate of only forty or fifty livres, while one worth only four or five hundred a year pays one hundred livres, and even more." But this was far from being the worst feature. The chief inhabitants of the country villages were compelled to fill, in rotation, the odious office of collectors. They were responsible for the gross amount to be levied, which they might get as they could out of their parishioners; and the favouritism and injustice which had burdened their parish as compared to their neighbours they were at liberty to pass on and exercise on individuals in their own district. Friends, or persons who had powerful patrons, were exempted; while enemies, or the unprotected, were drained of their last farthing. It may well be supposed that the office of collector was no sinecure. The description given by Boisguillebert of their squalid and brief authority is enough to disturb one's dreams. The collectors went about, we are told, always keeping well together for fear of violence, making their visits and perquisitions, and met everywhere with a chorus of imprecations. As the Taille was always in arrears, on one side of the street might be seen the collectors of the current year pursuing their exactions, while on the other side were those of the year previous engaged on the same business, and further on were the agents of the Gabelle and other taxes employed in a similar manner. From morning to evening, from year's beginning to year's ending, they tramped, escorted by volleys of oaths and curses, getting a penny here and a penny there; for prompt payment

under this marvellous system was not to be thought of. Not only would prompt payment have implied wealth, the punishment of which would have been increased taxation the following year of the ill-advised contributors, but it was the direct interest of the government receivers of taxes that as much trouble, delay, and litigation as possible should take place. The oftener their runners and brokers had to visit an outlying village, the larger were their gains. Each "course," each journey of their underlings, was paid so much, and the underlings themselves asked for nothing better, as their visits led, as a matter of course, to a carouse in the wine-shop, to gain their good-will. On the other hand, the collectors themselves were not anxious to exercise too summary measures, fearing reprisals the next year, when they would be out of office, and their victims would be in a position to take vengeance. So, as the year drew to a close, and the amount due from the parish was still outstanding, the higher authorities let it be known that the period of indulgence had expired, and the money must be found. The collectors were taken to prison as a matter of course, as they were legally responsible for the aggregate amount. Timely and ample bribes could occasionally obtain them confinement, without irksomeness, in the village inn, where they lived at the expense of the parish. But if the gaoler of the district, through interest with the Receiver, claimed and obtained them, they had to go off nine or twelve miles to the public prison, where they lay on straw in damp dungeons, from which they came out nearly always ill with fatigue and misery. After the collectors had thus proved in their own persons their inability to meet the demands of the Treasury, scenes occurred such as are hardly known in civilized warfare. Not only were goods and chattels seized and sold by the harpies of the fisc, but, as Vauban says, with a graphic simplicity which wrings the heart: "It is common enough to push the execution so far as to take down the doors of the houses, after all that was inside has been sold; and it even happens that the house is pulled down for the sake of the beams, rafters, and planks, which are sold for a fifth or sixth part of their value, in deduction of the amount due to the Taille."

It is not surprising to learn that not only the evidence of wealth was carefully concealed, and that the most squalid food and clothes were ostentatiously adopted,

but that wealth itself, when hunted down in this manner, effectually disappeared. In the middle of the seventeenth century the Norman town of Fécamp had fifty ships employed in the Newfoundland cod fishery. Before the end of the century the Taille had so impoverished the place that *three* only of these ships survived. The people, indeed, were not only exposed to the affliction of seeing their roof-tree pulled down before their eyes, but frequently had to endure personal violence, resulting at times in death. A prominent official, writing to Colbert, gives us some truly shocking details as to how a taxpayer had been not only maltreated in his own person, but had had his daughter killed in his presence, and the rest of his family — that is, wife, another daughter, and servant — wounded with swords and staves; and the inhumanity of the sergeants was such that they returned to seize the wretched father at the very moment of his child's interment. Another fact mentioned in the same letter gives an insight into the scandalous extortion practised by the Government officials. A receiver of the Taille in the district of Beaugency is about to be prosecuted, and it is asserted he will have to disgorge ten thousand crowns of ill-gotten wealth.*

Such was the emaciated France which Louis the Great picked systematically to the bone for the next thirty-five years. He had long ceased to be guided by the patriotic wisdom of the great Colbert. His evil genius now was the haughty and reckless Louvois, who carefully abstained from imitating the noble and daring remonstrances against excessive expenditure which Colbert addressed to his master, and through which he lost his influence at court. Still, with a self-abnegation really heroic, Colbert begged, urged, supplicated the King to reduce his outlay. He represented the misery of the people. "All letters that come from the provinces, whether from the intendants, the receivers general, and even the bishops, speak of it," he wrote to the King. He insisted on a reduction of the Taille by five or six millions; and surely it was time, when its collection gave rise to such scenes as have just been described. It was in vain. The King shut his eyes to mercy and reason. His gigantic war-expenditure, when peace came, was only partially reduced. For, indeed, he was

still at war, but with nature and self-created difficulties of his own making. He was building Versailles: transplanting to its arid sands whole groves of full-grown trees from the depths of distant forests, and erecting the costly and fantastic marvel of Marli to afford a supply of water. Louis's buildings cost, first and last, a sum which would be represented by about twenty millions of our money. The amount squandered on pensions was also very great. The great Colbert's days were drawing to a close, and he was very sad. It is related that a friend on one occasion surprised him looking out of a window in his château of Sceaux, lost in thought, and apparently gazing on the well-tilled fields of his own manor. When he came out of his reverie, his friend asked him his thoughts. "As I look," he said, "on these fertile fields, I cannot help remembering what I have seen elsewhere. What a rich country is France! If the King's enemies would let him enjoy peace, it would be possible to procure the people that relief and comfort which the great Henry promised them. I could wish that my projects had a happy issue, that abundance reigned in the kingdom, that every one were content in it, and that without employment or dignities, far from the court and business, I saw the grass grow in my home farm." The faithful, indefatigable worker was breaking down, losing strength, losing heart, but still struggling on manfully to the last. It was noticed, that he sat down to his work with a sorrowful, despondent look, and not, as had been his wont, rubbing his hands with the prospect of toil, and exulting in his almost superhuman capacity for labour. The ingratitude of the King, whom he had served only too well, gave him the final blow. Louis, with truculent insolence, reproached him with the "frightful expenses" of Versailles. As if they were Colbert's fault, — Colbert, who had always urged the completion of the Louvre and the suppression of Versailles! At last the foredone giant lay down to die. A tardy touch of feeling induced Louis to write him a letter. He would not read it. "I will hear no more about the King," he said; "let him at least allow me to die in peace. My business now is with the King of kings. If," he continued, unconsciously, we may be sure, plagiarizing Wolsey, "if I had done for God what I have done for that man, my salvation would be secure ten times over; and now I know not what will become of me." Surely a tender and touch-

* Vauban, "Dîme Royale." Boisguillebert, "Détail de la France." "L'Administration Monarchique," par Chéruel, vol. ii., a most excellent work.

ing evidence of sweetness in the strong man who had been so readily accused of harshness by grasping courtiers. The ignorant ingratitude of the people was even perhaps more melancholy than the wilful ingratitude of the King. The great Colbert had to be buried by night, lest his remains should be insulted by the mob. He, whose heart had bled for the people's sore anguish, was rashly supposed to be the cause of that anguish. It was a sad conclusion to a great life. But he would have seen still sadder days if he had lived.*

The health of the luxurious, self-indulgent Louis sensibly declined after he had passed his fortieth year. In spite of his robust appearance, he had never been really strong. His loose, lymphatic constitution required much support and management. But he habitually overate himself. He was indeed a gross and greedy glutton. "I have often seen the King," says the Duchess of Orleans, "eat four platefuls of various soups, a whole pheasant, a partridge, a large dish of salad, stewed mutton with garlic, two good slices of ham, a plate of pastry, and then fruit and sweetmeats." A most unwholesome habit of body was the result. An abscess formed in his upper jaw, and caused a perforation of the palate, which obliged him to be very careful in drinking, as the liquid was apt to pass through the aperture, and come out by the nostrils. He felt weak and depressed, and began to think seriously about "making his salvation." His courtly priests and confessors had never inculcated any duties but two—that of chastity, and that of religious intolerance—and he had been very remiss in both. He now resolved to make hasty reparation. The ample charms of the haughty Montespan fascinated him no more. He tried a new mistress, but she did not turn out well. Madame de Fontanges was young, and exquisitely pretty, but a giddy presuming fool. She moreover, died shortly. He was more than ever disposed to make his salvation—that is, to renounce the sins of the flesh, and to persecute his God-fearing subjects, the Protestants.

The Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, one of the greatest crimes and follies which history records, was too colossal a misdeed for the guilt of its perpetration to be charged upon one man, however wicked or however powerful he may have

been. In this case, as in so many others, Louis was the exponent of conditions, the visible representative of circumstances which he had done nothing to create. Just as he was the strongest king France ever had, without having contributed himself to the predominance of the Monarchy, so in the blind and cruel policy of intolerance which led to the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, he was the delegate and instrument of forces which existed independently of him. A willing instrument, no doubt; a representative of sinister forces; a chooser of the evil part when mere inaction would have been equivalent to a choice of the good. Still it is due to historic accuracy to point out, that had he not been seconded by the existing condition of France, he would not have been able to effect the evil he ultimately brought about.

The famous Edict of Toleration, promulgated by the great Henry in 1598, was partly due to his own magnanimous spirit, and partly to the utter exhaustion and weariness consequent on forty years of religious war. It was a truce imposed by a great statesman on fanatical but worn-out factions. It placed France in the vanguard of European Progress, as the sole country, save, in a measure, Holland, where the hostile creeds lived side by side in peace. But it was a deceptive peace, as the event too clearly proved. It was one of those external, premature, and artificial feats of which the old Monarchy accomplished several; one of those successes which looked so lasting and complete, and were really so imperfect and ephemeral. Just as the Monarchy had effected a premature and unreal political unity, a premature and deceptive centralization of government, so had it effected a premature and deceptive religious peace. The peace had been imposed from without, had not been evolved from within. The people of France were no further advanced in the principles of toleration in the last quarter of the seventeenth century, than they had been in the sixteenth century, if indeed they had not retrograded. In the upper class there was manifest retrogression. There was no L'Hôpital, no De Thou, no Montaigne at Louis XIV.'s side, to raise a voice for justice and humanity. The nobles, tamed into courtly servility, were only anxious to learn the King's intentions and projects, in order to greet them with prompt adulation. The clergy, the military officers, the common soldiers, the common people, were animated by a fierce and

* Henri Martin, "Histoire de France," vol. xiii. p. 634.

fanatical hatred of the Calvinists. There can be no doubt that the type of character predominant among the Calvinists was naturally antipathetic to the French national temper. Not that Calvinism had created that type; but rather that only those who had it felt drawn to and embraced the reformed doctrines. A gloomy and austere view of life, a keen sense of the shallowness of its pleasures, the deceptiveness of its hopes, and the brevity and uncertainty of all, much strength of will, with little grace or sympathetic charm, rendered the Calvinists a sort of aliens amid the genial, laughter-loving population of Catholic France. Their deficient attractiveness of character was increased by their very virtues. They were eminently frugal, enterprising, and industrious. They thrived and flourished where Catholics remained poor — a most odious quality. Most of the skilled handicrafts were in their possession, in a proportion their numbers did not seem to warrant. They formed in a manner a rich middle-class by themselves, and so were exposed to the aristocratic contempt of the military nobles, and the envious hatred of the esurient populace of Catholics. As soon, therefore, as the Sultan of Versailles gave a hint that his pious and Catholic spirit was irritated by their presence, the exultation was great, and the extirpation of the Protestants an event foredoomed.

The persecution of the Calvinists by Louis XIV. is singular in its wanton cruelty and needlessness, even in the long record of Romanist iniquities. The atrocities of the sixteenth century, frightful as they were, are explained, if not excused, by the barbarity of the times, by the specious and not wholly unfounded charge of factiousness brought against the Huguenots, whereby they endangered the unity and existence of the State. In the earlier period of the Reformation, and the remark is still more applicable to the mediæval heresies, it is quite conceivable how lofty-minded and good men should have felt that almost any measure were justifiable to stay what they considered a moral pestilence fraught with temporal and eternal mischief to humanity. It is one of the many miseries of poor human nature that the noblest emotions may, if unwatched, lead to the most pernicious and inhuman results. The spirit of persecution may find lodging in any mind from the highest to the lowest — from a St. Paul down to a Jeffreys, from an Innocent III. down to a Louis XIV. But the conditions and

age of the persecution clearly reveal to which category the persecutor belongs. To save the great and noble fabric of Catholicism in the early thirteenth century, to love with an exceeding love that stately and complete scheme of life which over-arched mediæval man, wide as the heavens and lofty as the sky, to swiftly transmute that love into a consuming fire against the appalling iniquity which would defeat such a scheme, this was natural and nowise discreditable to the Hildebrands and Innocents. But what had Louis XIV. to do with these things? A gross and unclean liver, a despiser of the commandments of the God he feigned to worship, an insulter of the Vicegerent of that God whom he pretended to revere, what right had he to the sombre honour of a sincere fanaticism?

Still less could any conception of State policy justify the revocation of the Edict. Whatever the Protestants may once have been, they were, in the last quarter of the seventeenth century, incontestably the most industrious and loyal part of the population. They had stood firmly by the Monarchy, even during the bewildering turmoil of the Fronde. Their value to the State, from an economic point of view, was well known to every one acquainted with French finances. Above all, their fidelity as French citizens to their king and country was beyond dispute; their lower orders had fought in the armies which invaded Holland; their maritime population, besides a contingent of nine thousand sailors, had given to France one of the greatest admirals she ever possessed — Duquesne; their noblesse had given her the most illustrious general of the age or even of the century — Turenne. These are the facts that convict Louis and his clerical advisers of an imbecility even greater than their wickedness. When it is retorted by Romanists, that Protestant States afflicted their Catholic subjects with disabilities and even persecution, the retort argues either singular mental dullness or gross ill-faith. First of all, the Catholics were not persecuted in Protestant states as the Calvinists were in France. The Catholic subjects of the great Elector of Brandenburg were vastly better treated than the Catholic subjects of the most Christian King, Louis XIV. The Catholic subjects of the Dutch Republic were treated not only with justice but generosity. When the French king took Maastricht, he found the Catholics enjoying all the liberties they had had under the Spanish do-

minion. The Jesuits had indeed been expelled for a nefarious conspiracy; but the States-General of Holland were so easy-tempered, that they restored the reverend fathers, and this at a time when, by many Catholics, they were regarded as prodigies of immorality. England had not been so magnanimous, but her provocation had been exceptionally great. Ever since the accession of Elizabeth, she had been singled out for especial anathema by the Papacy. English Catholics, Irish Catholics, Spanish Catholics, French Catholics, had all in various degrees manifested, over and over, their undying hatred of the greatest Protestant power; and the animosity of Papists did not mean the discontent of a portion of the population, but the strategical onslaught of an immense host, led by consummate commanders and obedient in disciplined order to the behests of a single mind. It is easy, now that the great serpent has been partially scotched — now that his poisonous fangs have been in a measure destroyed, to speak with complacent serenity of the beauty of universal toleration, and with contempt of the panics caused by real or imaginary Popish plots. Why should not the English fear the fate which had overtaken the Protestants of Bohemia, of the Netherlands, of Austria, nay, of Italy and Spain? They had before their eyes examples not of persecution but of extirpation. Even the odious penal laws against the Irish have this explanation, if not excuse, that the Irish had always appeared to the English in the character of willing allies and tools of their worst enemies. They were moreover regarded as foreigners and savages, as little entitled to justice and clemency as red men in the wilds of Virginia, or black men on the coast of Guinea, and the English made as little difficulty about treating them with horrible cruelty as Europeans, whether Catholic or Protestant, have usually shown in their dealings with races they have considered beneath themselves. At the epoch we are now engaged upon, the Irish were doubly odious — odious as incorrigible Papists, still more odious as blind imbecile tools in the hands of the great European enemy. At the very moment when all Europe, without distinction of creed, was coalescing against the great despot of Versailles; when the Spanish ambassador at the Hague was causing a grand mass to be celebrated for the success of the fleet which carried William of Orange and his liberating troops to Torbay;

when the Pope himself was heartily sympathetic with Protestant England against his insolent eldest son of the Church — the wild denizens of the bogs of Ireland rushed forward, as stupid, officious marplots, fiercely resolved, as far as in them lay, to frustrate the cause of civilization and freedom. The Irish penal laws were infamous and cruel; the nation which inflicted them has bitterly expiated, and still expiates, their iniquity. But we must not forget that the provocation offered to the nation had been immense. Cromwell and William were in the thick of the final fierce struggle of a battle which had been deluging Europe with blood for a hundred years. Their rigour might be cruel, but their indulgence would certainly have been suicidal; and it did not lie in their adversaries' mouths to preach moderation and humanity. They had more warrant than most rulers for acting on the maxim, *Salus populi suprema lex*.

No such excuse can be pleaded for Louis. The ground under his throne was not honeycombed by Protestant plots; his country was not threatened by an heir presumptive to the crown, who, like the Duke of York, ostentatiously announced his adoption of principles which the mass of the people regarded with horror; he had not to contend with an ubiquitous yet impalpable enemy, with that singular order of men who had coupled in such strange union the reckless daring of fanaticism with the most subtle craft of worldly prudence; he had no Protestant Society of Jesus to do battle with; his throne was more secure than that of any previous king of France. In mere wantonness of tyranny, in mere coldbloodedness of cruelty, he resolved, to violate the sanctuary of the mind; he resolved now that age and illness had cooled his concupiscence, to sooth his counterfeit conscience by outraging that of others; to make friends with his jealous God by making two millions of his subjects taste a bitterness worse than death.

The Edict of Nantes was revoked 17th October, 1685. But the persecution had waxed hot during the four previous years. As early as 1681 Poitou had been "dragooned." The French dragoons were both horse and foot soldiers — a superior kind of troops as regards pay and position in the army, but none the less insolent and cruel for the favours they received. They had graduated in every species of atrocity in German and Dutch wars. They had devastated the

Palatinate under Turenne, and would do so again soon under Duras. These were the auxiliaries now despatched to assist the missionaries in their work of converting the Huguenots; and, lest there should be any mistake, lest, by the remotest possibility, a touch of mercy and compassion should linger in their shaggy bosoms, the Minister of war, Louvois, wrote to the commander, "It is his Majesty's wish that the last severities should be inflicted on those who refuse to adopt his religion. Those who would have the stupid honour of being the last, must be pushed themselves to the last extremity. . . . The soldiers are to be allowed to live very licentiously."* It requires no great power of imagination to conceive what that means. It is true there was a pretence made of punishing murder, rape, and pillage; but there is no record of a single dragoon being punished. Indeed his Majesty had expressed a fear that such punishment might have a bad effect, and cause the sectarians to say that he disapproved, in some degree, of the measures taken to convert them.

At the mere advance of the soldiers upon the Protestant districts, a paralysis of terror struck the whole population; conversions were made *en masse* of thousands and tens of thousands. The glad tidings were carried to Louis, and made him radiant with delight. His whole court reflected the brightness of their monarch's visage. "It is the finest thing that ever was imagined or executed," said Madame de Sévigné. The organ tones of Bossuet's eloquence pealed forth in their grandest roll of jubilation. "Let us publish," he said, "the miracle of our time; let us pour forth our hearts over the piety of Louis; let us send our acclamations up to the heavens, and let us say to this new Constantine, this new Theodosius, this new Marcian, this new Charlemagne: — 'You have established the faith; you have exterminated the heretics. It is a work worthy of your reign — its peculiar characteristic. Through you heresy exists no more. God alone could achieve this marvel.'" All the corporate bodies, the courts of justice, the academies, the universities, the municipalities, burst forth in praise; medals were struck, representing the King crowned by Religion, "for having brought back to the Church two millions of Calvinists;" statues were erected to the de-

stroyer of heresy; and so forth. So the matter looked at Versailles.

In the provinces a very different scene was witnessed. The "new converts," who had rushed to the Catholic churches to escape the soldiers, soon gave cause to suspect the sincerity of their conversion. Some openly repented of their weakness, and upon these the dragoons were let loose. They were quartered in the Calvinists' houses as many as a hundred at a time, and were careful to follow superior orders, and live licentiously. They took pleasure in making demure Huguenot ladies, who shuddered at the least unseemliness of speech, listen to ribald songs and blasphemous curses. More attractive still was it to be waited on day and night by these retiring women, to make them cook their dinners and clean their boots — for Catholic servants were especially forbidden to render any help on these occasions. But these were trifles. Some of the Protestants showed themselves thoroughly stubborn, and these had to be made to surrender. Torture was used, and not always with success. Victims had their feet "warmed," which means roasted; on others the barbarous military punishment called the "Estrapade" was inflicted. It consisted in elevating the patient, with his hands tied, to the top of a lofty mast by means of a rope, and then suddenly letting him fall with such force as to break his limbs. Others were suspended by the feet, with the head downwards. Strange enough, it was found that the entire privation of sleep was one of the most successful and dreaded of the tortures. Night and day — day and night, a ceaseless and infernal din was kept up in the houses of the Protestants. Drums, trumpets, explosion of fire-arms, and, what was still worse, the perpetual roar of drunken and obscene voices, deprived the wretched inmates of all sleep, or the solace of a moment's oblivion; and scarcely any were found to resist the torment. A peculiarly diabolic cruelty was practised on young women who happened to be nursing. The mothers were fastened firmly in full view, but still beyond reach, of their babes — and left. The torture of the infant, the double torture of the mother, who saw its appealing cries gradually subside into the faintness of exhaustion and death, were found to be very efficacious in bringing over the stubborn Calvinists to the religion of his Majesty.

One of the darkest features of this per-

* Henri Martin, "Histoire de France," vol. xiv. p. 49.

secution was, that the wretched victims of it were forbidden to save themselves by voluntary flight and exile. To leave the country was prohibited under the severest penalties. Even the aiding and abetting of a Huguenot's escape was punished by the galleys. Nevertheless vast numbers did make good their evasion. The exact number of the emigrants cannot be ascertained. The most probable estimate, perhaps, is about a quarter of a million of adults; a small exodus, it may be, compared to some we have seen in our day. But when the relative difficulty of locomotion at that time and this is considered, and when we further reflect, that the immense resources at the disposal of the French Government were strained to the utmost to prevent all exit from the kingdom, we shall rather be struck by the magnitude than the smallness of the numbers. But the loss to France caused by the emigration of the Protestants is imperfectly represented by mere figures. It was not mere hewers of wood or drawers of water that wandered forth; nor was it a dissipated and worthless nobility. It was the bone and muscle and busy brain of the country, as the event sufficiently proved. England, Holland, and Prussia took a new departure in industry from the time of the advent of the industrious refugees. They contrived to take a considerable amount of wealth with them — something like five millions of our money.

This colossal iniquity was signally avenged, and the feet of the avenger were singularly swift. Bayle, writing in the midst of these events, said to the Catholics, "You think that all that has been done against us is good, because it has been followed by so glorious an issue to true religion. But take care, your triumphs are far more those of Deism than of the true faith. I wish you could hear the discourses of the men who own no faith but natural religion. They regard your conduct as an irrefragable argument; and when they ascend higher, and consider the sanguinary violence and ravages which your Catholic faith has committed for six or seven hundred years, they cannot refrain from saying that God is too good to be the author of anything so pernicious as the dogmatic religions." Prophetic threats of retribution are often born of impotent despair and anger. But this was not one of these. Bayle when he wrote these words was an impartial despiser of the Catholic and Reformed faiths. But he saw the

door through which he entered into his indomitable scepticism, and, with the vivacity of genius, he inferred that many more would come in thereby. His prophecy was fulfilled to the letter. In two generations the exalted and truculent Church, the blind and incompetent Monarchy, which had urged and perpetrated the persecution, had dwindled to feeble and revolting spectres. The better mind of France *had* considered the sanguinary violence of six hundred years, and drawn its own conclusions. Never were the mettle and innate valour of France more nobly displayed. All had been done, that could be done, to make her enter on the downward path trodden by ignoble and degraded Spain. But, with haughty magnanimity, she bade the devil get behind her, and passed on with queenly step to the vanguard of European emancipation. Voltaire, Diderot, D'Alembert and Condorcet, were charged to give an effectual reply to the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

The success, as it was deemed, of the Revocation was considered so admirable by the deluded inmates of Versailles, that even the customary liturgies of praise and thanksgiving as hitherto performed were judged inadequate to do honour to the amplified glory of the Great King. He was told he was a "visible miracle." Lebrun filled the galleries of Versailles with allegorical allusions to the Jupiter, the Hercules, the Alexander of the day. The Duc de la Feuillade built the Place des Victoires, at Paris, and erected a gilt statue of the King crowned by Victory and crushing Cerberus under foot — Cerberus representing the European coalition. La Feuillade dedicated the monument to his Sovereign with immense pomp. He marched round it, at the head of the regiment of the Gardes Françaises of which he was colonel, three times, went down on his knees to the image, and *intended* to suspend votive lamps before it, which should burn night and day, as before a shrine. Louis had the sense to prevent this last piece of folly. La Feuillade declared he would console himself by being buried under the statue. At other times Louis showed less good taste, and took his adulation with amusing seriousness. He not only listened to Quinault's hymns in his praise, but joined his own voice to the psalmody, and sang with tears of emotion the recital of his own glories.

Louis's reign continued thirty years after the Revocation of the Edict of

Nantes, years crowded with events, particularly for the military historian, but over the details of which we shall not linger on this occasion. The brilliant reign becomes unbearably wearisome in its final period. The monotonous repetition of the same faults and the same crimes — profligate extravagance, revolting cruelty, and tottering incapacity — is as fatiguing as it is uninteresting. Louis became a mere mummy embalmed in etiquette, the puppet of his women and shavelings. The misery in the provinces grew apace, but there was no disturbance, France was too prostrate even to groan. In 1712 the expenditure amounted to 240 millions, and the revenue to 113 millions; but from this no less than 76 millions had to be deducted for various liabilities the Government had incurred, leaving only a net income of 37 millions — that is to say, the outlay was more than six times the income. The armies were neither paid nor fed, the officers received "food tickets" (*billets de subsistance*), which they got cashed at a discount of 80 per cent. The Government had anticipated by ten years its revenues from the towns. Still this pale corpse of France must needs be bled anew to gratify the inexorable Jesuits, who had again made themselves complete masters of Louis XIV.'s mind. He had lost his confessor, Père la Chaise (who died in 1709), and had replaced him by the hideous Letellier, a blind and fierce fanatic, with a horrible squint and a countenance fit for the gallows. He would have frightened any one, says St. Simon, who met him at the corner of a wood. This repulsive personage revived the persecution of the Protestants into a fiercer heat than ever, and obtained from the moribund King the edict of March 8, 1715, considered by competent judges the clear masterpiece of clerical injustice and cruelty. Five months later Louis XIV. died, forsaken by his intriguing wife, his beloved bastard (the Duc de Maine), and his dreaded priest.

The French Monarchy never recovered from the strain to which it had been subjected during the long and exhausting reign of Louis XIV. Whether it could have recovered in the hands of a great statesman summoned in time is a curious question. Could Frederic the Great have saved it had he been *par impossible* Louis XIV.'s successor? We can hardly doubt that he would have adjourned, if not have averted, the great catastrophe of 1789. But it is one of the inseparable

accidents of such a despotism as France had fallen under, that nothing but consummate genius can save it from ruin; and the accession of genius to the throne in such circumstances is a physiological impossibility. The house of Bourbon had become as effete as the house of Valois in the sixteenth century; as effete as the Merovingians and Carolingians had become in a previous age; but the strong chain of hereditary right bound up the fortunes of a great empire with the feeble brain and bestial instincts of a Louis XV. This was the result of concentrating all the active force of the State in one predestined irremovable human being. This was the logical and necessary outcome of the labours of Philip Augustus, Philip the Fair, of Louis XI., of Henry IV., and Richelieu. They had reared the Monarchy like a solitary obelisk in the midst of a desert; but it had to stand or fall alone, no one was there to help it, as no one was there to pull it down. This consideration enables us to pass into a higher and more reposeful order of reflection, to leave the sterile impeachment of individual incapacity, and rise to the broader question, and ask why and how that incapacity was endowed with such fatal potency for evil. As it has been well remarked, the loss of a battle may lead to the loss of a state; but then, what are the deeper reasons which explain why the loss of a battle should lead to the loss of a state? It is not enough to say that Louis XIV. was an improvident and passionate ruler, that Louis XV. was a dreary and revolting voluptuary. The problem is rather this. Why were improvidence, passion, and debauchery in two men able to bring down in utter ruin one of the greatest monarchies the world has ever seen? In other words, what was the cause of the consummate failure, the unexampled collapse of the French Monarchy? No personal insufficiency of individual rulers will explain it; and, besides, the French Monarchy repeatedly disposed of the services of admirable rulers. History has recorded few more able kings than Louis le Gros, Philip Augustus, Philip le Bel, Louis XI., and Henry IV.; few abler ministers than Sully, Richelieu, Colbert, and Turgot. Yet the efforts of all these distinguished men resulted in leading the nation straight into the most astounding catastrophe in human annals. Whatever view we take of the Revolution, whether we regard it as a blessing or as a curse, we must needs admit it was a reaction of the

most violent kind — a reaction contrary to the preceding action. The Old Monarchy can only claim to have produced the Revolution in the sense of having provoked it; as intemperance has been known to produce sobriety, and extravagance parsimony. If the *ancien régime* led in the result to an abrupt transition to the Modern Era, it was only because it had rendered the Old Era so utterly execrable to mankind, that escape in any direction seemed a relief, were it over a precipice.

An adequate answer to these questions would need a treatise. All that can be said here, at the end of an article already too long is, that the kingly power, or rather the whole political system in France, from the early Middle Ages downwards, was smitten with radical and incurable vices of constitution, which time aggravated instead of healing. These were — to be so brief as to risk obscurity — the feebleness and insecurity of the Monarchy during the whole mediæval period, and the anarchic power and independence of the feudal nobles. These two factors in their various action and combination produced the historical France of which we read.

From the time when Louis VI., surnamed le Gros, or the Fat, durst not ride from his good city of Paris to his good city of Orleans without strong escort, for fear of the Lord of Monthéri, down to the time of the Fronde, the French monarchs were engaged in a ceaseless contest with the fierce unscrupulous nobles, of whom they were the nominal superiors. When the nobles had sense and self-control enough to coalesce, the King was forced to yield to them at discretion, as was seen in the case of the most politic of the French kings, Louis XI., at the treaty of Conflans; but, as was also seen in the events which followed that treaty, the King, if he were an able man, could generally get the advantage of them singly. The pale prestige of the throne was a permanent quantity, and the anarchic outbursts of the nobles a very uncertain one; but these circumstances gave to the royal policy a character of duplicity, fraud, and intrigue, which by no means excluded resort to violence when it could be employed with safety. And thus the French monarchy was gradually compacted together. First this great feudatory, and then that, was circumvented, and their territories annexed to the Crown; but it was a juxtaposition of fragments, not a real union — no homo-

geneous body politic was the result. We are able hence to understand why the growth of a public spirit in France was so long delayed — why, in fact, it never truly arose till the great intellectual expansion of the eighteenth century, the precursor of the Revolution. The provinces remained egotistically provincial down to the end of the seventeenth century. We also see how the French kings were able to defeat the *Tiers Etat* in its efforts to acquire a permanent influence in the national councils. There was too little sense of common brotherhood, of common interest, and common danger, between Norman and Burgundian, between Poitevin and Provençal, to allow of a steady persisting pressure being put upon the King. The Third Estate in the States-General often showed an admirable political instinct of the real needs of France, and of the conditions of good government; but after they had formulated their demands and grievances in their *cahiers* the matter ended — the King promised everything and performed nothing.

The kingly power grew slowly but steadily. Its central position, its unity of purpose, made it more than a match in the long run for the erratic uncombined hostility of the nobles, who, although they constituted a most pernicious anti-social caste, never rose to the height of an aristocracy. They were as disunited among themselves as the provinces they ruled over. One of their most cherished privileges was their right of private wars with one another. The commons were kept isolated and feeble by different causes, but with the same result. In the States-General of 1484, assembled by the subtle and politic Anne de Beaujeu, the worthy daughter of Louis XI., provincial jealousies and rivalries produced all the divisions and powerlessness that the Crown could desire. "The question of money (to be voted for the Taille) disunited us," says a contemporary and deputy, "and made us enemies of one another, each man struggling for his own province, and striving to obtain for it the lowest taxation." Then the kings saw straight before them a road leading directly to irresponsible power. The maxim "divide and govern" has been practised in all ages in some degree, but it was never carried to such lengths as in France. To gain adherents in their precarious position, the kings resorted to fraud, violence, and corruption. They then began that colossal system of Privilege, which existed down to the Revolution — privileges

to provinces, to classes, to corporations, to individuals. Every trade, every profession, every business in France was held in a more or less interested allegiance to the Crown, by some special exemption, monopoly, or favouritism, and the individuals in each class were attached by similar personal immunities. Some were exempted from the Taille, and we can appreciate how that was valued; some from the Gabelle (they were called *Francs-salés*); others were ennobled, which lifted them at once out of the common herd of oppressed taxpayers. The zeal for these exemptions and privileges was so intense, especially among the corporate trades, that it led to the most gigantic lawsuits on record. One of these (between the second-hand clothiers and the tailors) lasted three hundred years, and gave rise to over four thousand decrees. It might be going on still, but for the Revolution. Some of these hostile trades spent a million a year in law proceedings against their rivals. The publishers were at perpetual war with the second-hand booksellers; the question to be decided was when a book was new and when it was second-hand. The saddlers quarrelled with the wheelwrights, the makers of hardware with the blacksmiths, the nailers with the locksmiths. An amusing battle between the roasters and poulterers lasted sixty-nine years. The honourable body of roasters had commenced with the unique privilege of selling roast goose. As their business prospered they extended it, and added to the attractiveness of their shops by exposing roast fowls and roast game for sale; but at this point they crossed the privileges of the poulterers, who found their cold uncooked fowls quite unable to compete with the smoking dainties of their rivals. A lawsuit ensued, which ended in a judgment for the poulterers, and the roasters were bidden to confine themselves to their geese. The poulterers, made giddy by their success, then roasted their fowls, which was a clear infringement of the exclusive privilege of roasting enjoyed by the roasters. They again appealed to the law, and this time were worsted, and forbidden to offer for sale any meat "on which there was the smell of fire." The roasters were victorious in the end, as the richer and more popular corporation; but the litigation, begun in 1509, did not terminate till 1578.*

* "Histoire des Classes Ouvrières en France," vol. II. p. 85, par E. Levasseur.

It was not only between tradesmen and artisans that these fierce rivalries existed. Up to the steps of the throne, Privilege asserted its rights with unflinching vigor. When Louis XIV. was out shooting on one occasion, in a drenching rain, his hat was so saturated that an officious courtier was prompted to offer him a dry one of his own. A noble duke at his Majesty's side promptly resented this encroachment on his privilege of giving the King his hat; and Louis, in all his glory, was forced to go bare-headed till the covering came to him through the proper privileged channel.

Thus did the French kings succeed in disintegrating and pulverising the society they ruled over in the interest, as it appeared to them, of their throne. They certainly rid themselves, for a time, of all united opposition to their authority: they destroyed the very conception of citizenship in France, they cultivated a hateful spirit of envy and self-seeking, and laid the foundations of that deep mutual distrust which is so marked and pernicious a feature in French public life at the present day. While the Monarchy was rich and could pay its way, while it could answer with largesse the perpetual cry of "Give, give," which assailed it from all sides, it stood firmly, nay, it was worshipped devoutly; but when with the growing expense of government in the eighteenth century the growing incompetence of the Administration and extravagance of the Court kept more than equal pace, when the evil day at last dawned, and it was visible to even Bourbon imbecility that reforms must be made, then came a great change. Like the prodigal who has spent his substance in riotous living, the Crown found itself without a friend or a support. Who was there to support it? Not the hordes of nobles and privileged who had lived upon it, and the abrogation of whose unjust exemptions constituted the first step of reform. Not the dumb toilers who had been taught by long experience to look on the Monarchy as the incarnation of evil. The Kingship had elected to live alone and reign alone; it was forced at last to die alone and unbefriended. At the bare suggestion of efficient reform by Turgot, the army of the privileged glared so fiercely on the minister and his feeble master that the attempt was at once given up. Soon after the mighty moan of a maddened people was borne upon the air, announcing that the day of wrath and vengeance had at last dawned; and the

exalted Monarchy of Louis XIV. fell down in hideous ruin, and the dust thereof went up as the smoke of a furnace.

JAMES COTTER MORISON.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

DISORDER IN DREAMLAND.

LIEUTENANT HARDINGE took leave of all his friends and departed from Wetton; and he was succeeded by a young man who, though far more restless, was much less liked. The summer came on quietly, and was rolling away without much incident, except that Mrs. and Miss Fulford went to Scarborough or somewhere in the north for a thorough change, and Mr. Norcott and Miss Tarraway were formally announced as an engaged couple. Mr. Ben Saunders, very much influenced by his dream, and influenced no doubt by his own silly conceit, had built up a little romantic edifice in which he mentally resided a great deal. He persuaded himself that, as the vision had indicated, Miss Fulford was certainly very favourably disposed towards him, but that family pride and other obstacles operated powerfully against her attachment. She had been taken away from the beloved object to other scenes and other company, perhaps herself willing to eradicate her passion if she could. Now, if this were the case, Ben thought the way to thwart the opposition to the match would be to follow the young lady to her retreat and let her see him day by day. But there were objections to this plan: it would be inconvenient to the business, and it would be a departure from the resolution he had come to not to interfere too actively with the work which the pixies had undertaken and were carrying out. The ladies would be at home again in the autumn, which was not far off, and he didn't generally strike so superficially that an impression could be effaced in two or three months. But, unfortunately, as the autumn drew near, unfavourable accounts were received in Wetton of Miss Fulford's health; coming, I believe, through Admiral Tautbrace, who was also absent from home, and probably not far from the young lady. She was reported to be very weak and ill; then, a week or two later, unable to return to Colkaton at present; and at last, before the end of September, it was announced that the doctors had ordered her to Madeira for the winter. When Ben heard of this he thought it

would never do to remain longer inactive. Still he had his doubts about presenting himself suddenly before her in her weak condition. A rash move might, he saw, damage him materially. The only middle course was to write to her by some safe envoy, through whom the billet would be sure to reach her own hands, assure her of his admiration and unswerving affection, and bid her not to allow her spirits to fail; also to state his readiness to set off immediately for Scarborough if she should inform him that she deemed that course advisable. Yes, the letter was the right thing; what a pity that he had not thought of it before! So Ben sat down to indite a letter, which did not prove to be an easy task. Three or four times over he revised it and wrote it out fair; and when he could imagine no further improvement in its terms, he was still dissatisfied with it, and did not despatch it, but kept it by him and read it over every two or three hours without liking it any better. At length, seeing that he had done all that his own skill could accomplish, he determined reluctantly to get the assistance of a friend, and with that intention summoned Tom Coryton to council, who had been away for some time, but was now in Wetton again. Without mentioning names, Ben informed Tom of the state of his affections, and of the necessity of epistolary communication; but he admitted that he had not yet explained himself on paper, and that his attempts to do so had not been satisfactory to himself. "So Tom, old chap," said he, "I want you to look over the thing and advise me a little, and help me where I've come short. I hardly think it's ardent enough."

"H'm," answered Tom, "I don't know much about ardour, but I'll tell you whether any step in the argument is incorrect; let's see now. *Dearest Angle*. Why, I thought it was a young woman that you were addressing. An angle is the inclination of two lines to each other, and may be either obtuse —"

"None of your nonsense, Tom, about angles. I can't stand it; hang me if I can! What have angles to do with this?"

"Only this, that if the angle in question happens to be at all acute, she'll think the letter comes from a madman."

"Why, what on earth do you mean, Tom?"

"I mean that, though an angle is a very good thing in its way, and not at all to be despised, yet it isn't quite a term to be applied to one's sweetheart. We have

heard of 'the loves of the triangles,' of course, but I fancy you meant to call the queen of your fancy an angel, which is spelled — g-e-l, not g-l-e; do you see?"

"Never mind; that's easily altered," observed Ben.

"Yes, that's easily altered, perhaps; but the whole thing seems to me to abound with blunders of the same kind; for instance, it is not usual to say to a lady that you 'hope to be able to seduce her to write you a line;' neither is it

"Go to the devil, Tom Coryton! I wish I hadn't shown you the letter at all, since you do nothing but make game of it."

"Nay," answered Tom, "I do nothing of the kind; and if I did, it would be better that I should make game of you, than that I should let you make a fool of yourself, which you surely would do if you sent forward that angular epistle."

"Devil take the letter!" yelled Ben, seizing the precious billet, and tearing it to shreds. "Now, then, what am I to do? will you write a better?"

"No, I can't. Although I see that that isn't properly worked out, I can't produce a neat demonstration of affection. Not in my line a bit. Anything you like in the way of the calculus, or analytical trigonometry, but I've not graduated in amatory correspondence."

"Nothing to be got out of you, then, that's clear. Sorry I asked you."

"It hasn't been made at all clear that nothing is to be got out of me. It's hard to prove a negative. I can't write a love-letter, that I confess. But I may be able to give you a bit of useful advice."

"I wish to heaven you would!"

"Well, then, look here. If I were you I would open my mind a little to Mr. Norcott, the curate. If he refuses to have anything to do with the matter, that will be the worst that can ensue. He's perfectly safe; he won't tell on you. But if he should incline to coach you a bit (that means, give you a lift, you know), he'll show you how to make your enunciation neatly, and how to establish your case. He's just managed an affair for himself, which may incline him to give a little aid to a collateral figure (brother spooney, you know), and which is a proof that he knows something of the science of love-making."

The impetuous Benjamin did not at first choose to adopt this course, but preferred to be very angry with Tom Coryton, and to say cruel things to him, which things the senior "Op" heard with equa-

nimity, knowing from long experience the process by which Ben assimilated an idea. Mr. Saunders did apply to the Curate.

"If this is a straightforward, honest business, of course I'll assist you, Mr. Saunders, with all my heart," said Norcott; "but you must take me into your confidence entirely. I can have nothing to do with a scheme in which some of the names are left blank, and the character of which I am unable to appreciate. You must see, yourself, that I am bound to act thus."

"It's all right; you may rely upon it," urged Benjamin. "I don't think I've any right to tell the lady's name till she lets me to. The fact is, I should never have known of her sentiments myself, if it hadn't been for a most uncommon occurrence. I had a dream about it, when I declare, I'd never been thinking of such a thing."

"A dream!"

"Yes, a dream. A most particular vivid thing; letting me know not only the state of the young lady's mind, but how everything was to be worked out up to the wedding, which will be a grand one." (These last words in a most impressive voice.)

"Do you mean to tell me that you meditate making an offer of marriage relying on the evidence of a dream?"

"Not at all. The dream gave me the tip, you know. But it's been fulfilling of itself ever since. It's a good while ago that I dreamt it. No difficulty in naming the time. The very night afore my poor father met his death."

Norcott started. He couldn't but remember another dream dreamt on that same night, and more intimately connected with the terrible event of the senior Saunders's death. That was the reason why he had so much patience with Benjamin's romance. "A year ago," he said, "I should have laughed at your dream, and bidden you behave like a man of sense. If I don't treat your dream as mere moonshine, it is because I know of another dream, *dreamed on the same night as yours*, which had some meaning in it, though I have never been able to discover its precise object. The dream, however, to which I allude, was not dreamed here." (This last remark was tenderly made to prevent Benjamin from connecting the dream with his terrible loss.)

"Neither was mine," responded Ben. "I wasn't home when poor father came

to his sudden end. I was to Plymouth on business. 'Twas there I dreamt it."

"At Plymouth!"

"Certainly; at Plymouth. I slept at the Royal Hotel there — can give you the number of the room if you like — 25, a room I always get if I can, because there's a nice writing-table in it where I can make up my accounts, you see. Is there anything so odd in this, sir? It seems to astonish you."

The Curate didn't answer for a minute or two, being powerfully impressed by what he heard, as one may suppose. At length he said, "I beg your pardon. It does astonish me more than I can explain just now. But my astonishment mustn't make me appear to play fast and loose with your love affair. I come back to what I said before. You must trust me wholly, or I decline to have anything to do with it."

Now it had been pleasant to Benjamin to find that Mr. Norcott was inclined to treat dreams with some respect. He really did not know to what quarter to turn if he should lose the opportunity of securing the clergyman's assistance. Tom Coryton had assured him, and besides, he felt himself, that Norcott would faithfully keep his secret. And, as he said to himself, there was nothing in the matter to be ashamed of. His counsellor might smile at his presumption, but that was the worst that he had to dread. So, after a little longer parley, he made up his mind. "Well, then, here goes," said Ben; and he told out his whole dream, not omitting the coronet, to which he called special attention. Ben likewise mentioned the incident which appeared to him to corroborate the dream, and especially the favour in which he had latterly found himself with Mrs. and Miss Fulford. Norcott heard him through patiently. When Benjamin ended, Norcott said, "I feel now more than ever satisfied that I was right (so, I hope, will you feel, too) in insisting upon full confidence. I am better able to advise, probably, than you expected to find me. You are altogether deceived, I assure you, and pursuing a phantom which must bring you to trouble if you persist!"

"Stop, sir," answered Ben; "I can judge for myself in that matter. I don't think it's a phantom, or that any harm's coming. Nothing venture, nothing win, you know. You own yourself that you have known another dream come true."

"Yours never will, Mr. Saunders; of that I am certain. Listen to me, and re-

member that what I am about to tell you is, as your communication to me was, in strict confidence. I have reason to know that the affections of the young lady of whom you spoke are engaged in a totally different direction from what you suppose. You look incredulous, and perhaps may reasonably ask how I can be informed on such a subject. Well, I heard what I know from Miss Tarraway, who had means of being informed. I cannot say more. I entered on the subject with you fully disposed to help you if I found that, with propriety, I could. I find my office must be to undeceive you."

It wasn't pleasant, of course, to have his air-built castle blown into bits, and Benjamin resisted the demolition as he generally resisted a conviction that was at variance with his wishes or preconceived ideas. This was a new phase of his difficulties altogether. He had known of no rival, and he had far too good an opinion of himself to imagine one on whose account he need be in the least alarmed. But he couldn't deny that a rival might exist for all that, or that he might have existed and made sure of his prize before the dream was dreamed. Norcott, he knew, could have no object but a benevolent one in urging him as he did to dispel his vain fancy, and, if he had had an object, he never would have represented the matter untruly. In the end, Ben thanked the Curate, and said he would take no step for the present, but would think over it.

Mr. Norcott also had something to think over, and greatly perturbed he was by his thoughts. It was a curious thing that he should have become the depositary of these two dreams; but a more curious thing that the dreams should have been dreamed. Hardinge's vision, so awfully fulfilled, had been remarkable enough; but how it added to the mystery of the story that the son of the doomed man was, at the time of the dream, asleep in the room next to Hardinge's, and dreaming too, although *he* dreamt nonsense. Although our Curate could be deeply impressed by things that were clearly put before him, he had but little skill in brain-coinage, and he had been over the circumstances very anxiously and very often (for a man in love) before he saw anything beyond the bare facts as they had been stated to him. It was fortunate that the fear of being induced in any way to betray Mr. Saunders's secret prevented him from consulting his Lydia on the

whole subject (he had told her of Hardinge's dream), or perhaps he might have encountered some opposition to the action which he afterwards took. But one day in his study he remembered Hardinge's observation, that if he had been acquainted with the man of whose fate he dreamt, he might, by using a little more despatch, have been in time to give him a word of warning. Then he thought, if Hardinge had only known Ben, and mentioned the dream to him, Ben might have been in time to save his father. But Hardinge didn't know Ben, or know that Ben was near him. And at last, he thought, "But how if the dream itself had come to Ben who lay so near?" The answer of course was that Ben was engaged dreaming of very different things, and what was to become of those things if he had dreamed, instead, of his father's death? Well, obviously, if Ben got Hardinge's dream, Hardinge might have got Ben's. And thus burst upon the Curate — when he saw how entirely the exchange would have fitted — the perception that the two visions must have got entangled, and found their way to the wrong persons.

After a little time the slow Curate got a step beyond what is mentioned above. Presuming — as he now felt certain he might — that Ben's dream was intended for Hardinge, here was Gertrude's secret deemed, by some power higher than human, to be of such importance that it was sought to be communicated to Hardinge in a dream! And yet, to the best of Norcott's belief, Hardinge had not an idea of it. It was hardly a fanciful thought that connected Gertrude's present condition with her unrequited love; the two things seemed only too much like cause and effect. Little by little a perception of the whole case came to the clergyman; and when it did come it took a fast hold. He felt certain that he saw into the whole matter; and a very unsatisfactory — nay, a very piteous — matter it appeared to be. I need hardly say that with this conviction of the existence of misunderstanding, and consequent trouble, came a desire to mitigate the grief if possible. But here he did not see his way at all. In the first place, what right had he to assume that anyone else would put together the parts of this strange affair so as to arrive at the same conclusion as himself? Though he was satisfied, others would be likely to laugh away his whole array of argument. Then, secondly, if Hardinge should not be

moved at all by a knowledge of the state of Gertrude's affections, a wrong would be done to her in disclosing it. Thirdly, had he any right whatever to address Hardinge on such matters as love and marriage; and might not the young officer, without unreason, reply in a strain that would be mortifying? Lydia soon observed that something was fretting her lover, and of course she tried hard to know what it was; but here he did see his way clearly, and refused to tell his grief lest he should betray Ben's confidence. Perhaps by calmly weighing the *pros* and *cons* he never would have come to a decision at all; but he had feelings as well as reasoning powers, and feeling brought him to a resolve. When the bad account came of Miss Fulford being unable to return home, and being ordered to Madeira for the winter, the Curate saw that if he couldn't untie the knot of his scruple he must cut it, or else shut the whole case out of his mind. He was not likely to do the latter; and so, not a bit convinced as to what was the most prudent course, he said, "Nothing venture, nothing win; this may include a matter of life or death." Upon that he took up his pen to write to Hardinge, and as he did so one obstacle disappeared. Whatever the rest of the world might think about dreams, Hardinge must be the last man to dispute their significance. He might make Saunders's extraordinary dream, so strangely related to Hardinge's own, the ostensible chief subject of his letter, telling it, of course, in confidence. He could then hint at the exchange of the dreams, and hypothetically upon that hint deliver so much of his mind as could not fail to move the young officer, if he could be at all moved by thought of Gertrude. "And if he couldn't," thought Norcott, "what on earth was the dream coming to him for? Of course the sender of the dream must have expected it to produce an effect." So a letter was written. The next thing was where to find Hardinge: he would ask Hardinge's successor, who of course would know. But he really didn't know. He thought the headquarters were somewhere in Ireland, but he wasn't sure; and if the regiment was in Ireland it would probably be broken into detachments, and it was impossible to say with which detachment Hardinge might be. The safest way, he thought, and the shortest in the long-run, would be to send the letter to the agents in London. Accordingly Norcott addressed, *To the care of Messrs. Green-*

wood & Cox, who duly forwarded it ; but those were not the days, one must remember, of telegraphs or even of railways. Letters went about the world at what we should now call a confoundedly slow pace. Before the epistle reached the regiment, the officer to whom it was addressed had come over to England for some pheasant-shooting. He was expected to be back to duty again so soon, that it was not thought worth while to give it another journey in the mail-bag ; and so it got a berth in a rack over the mess-room fireplace, where officers, who might have been out of the way at the time of the post delivery, came to look for their letters. There Hardinge found it quite a month old.

Of the effect of the letter I can judge only by what he did. He replied to Norcott, explaining the delay, expressing astonishment at the occurrence of the dreams, as also at his own obtuseness and impassibility ; declaring, at the same time, his entire innocence in regard to conscious love-making. Other officers had gone on leave on his return to the regiment, so that he could not be spared again immediately ; the Horse Guards could not yet decide whether they or one of the regiments which ought to be before them on the roster should take the next turn, which made officers anxious to secure their leave ; but he would manage to get away for a few days again soon, and go to Wetton to confer personally with his correspondent. Now something had happened while Norcott waited for this answer, which made him not unwilling to absent himself for a while from his curacy ; and, in a day or two after reading the Lieutenant's letter he started for Bristol, whence he took ship for, and soon reached, Waterford. Hardinge received him most kindly, insisted upon his being their guest, got him a room in barracks, and secured him a hearty welcome from all hands. Nothing could have suited the Curate better than a little experience of military life just at this time, as will be presently explained. Hardinge and he had long and frequent conferences, the result of which was, that the former insensible and over-modest youth believed the dream which he saw to be confirmed by many signs now become as clear as the daylight. He had neglected a great chance of happiness, but he would do what he yet could, to retrieve matters. As soon as it became known in the regiment that Hardinge desired more leave for a very pressing reason,

another officer at once offered to give up his turn to him, and the young man determined to set off a little before Christmas for Madeira, where Miss Fulford already was when he received the Curate's letter.

Now, let me mention how it came about that Mr. Norcott was so willing to absent himself from Wetton. There had occurred there a woful accident, which was nothing less than a disruption of the engagement between him and Lydia. The cause was Lydia's neglect of that which Dr. Watts affirms to be "a lovely thing for youth." She had been caught with something on her tongue very similar to what was on Ananias's during the last few moments of his life. Norcott had discovered this ; Lydia had tried to hide her fault by making it two ; she had again been found out, and her lover had declared that, cost him what it might, he never could unite himself to a person who had been guilty of such deceit. So he renounced her. Lydia protested that the imputed lapses were but excuses for an act of perfidy ; that her affections had been cruelly trifled with, her young life blighted, and that sort of thing. It wouldn't quite have suited her to take her recusant swain into a court of law, but she thought of doing it. Her brother, however, Mr. Phil Tarraway, boiled over with indignation at the treatment which his sister had experienced, and said that nothing but blood could wash out the memory of it. When reminded that it was not considered quite the right thing to call out a clergyman, Mr. Phil replied that, at any rate, there was nothing to prevent his horsewhipping a clergyman who had disgraced himself and his cloth, and after the infliction of that chastisement the reverend recreant might please himself about farther action. "Hang him ! I'll pull his nose in his pulpit before all the congregation," said the high-spirited Phil. Norcott was warned of these terrible designs, and advised to withdraw himself for a time, which he said he should not do until Mr. Phil's wrath had taken a turn, one way or other ; and he seemed to take no heed to his own defence, but went about his duties just as usual. The result was, that as he was one day passing along the churchyard, at a place where it is bounded by a ha-ha fence, Mr. Phil, and a friend with him, suddenly started from the brink of the ha-ha, where they had been concealed by a monument, and, rushing out over the graves, placed themselves in his path.

"Now, sir; now, you black-coated rascal," hissed Mr. Phil through his teeth; "I've found you at last, and will chastise you for your infamous behaviour."

"I have not been in hiding," answered Norcott, quietly; "you might have found me when you would. What is it you propose to do?"

"What is it? why to give you the punishment your unmanly, scoundrel-like conduct to my sister has deserved. There, sir, take that, and —" Mr. Phil, as he spoke, flourished a whip or cane, and aimed a terrible stroke at the Curate's shoulders, who, nothing daunted thereat, numbered his one, two, on Mr. Phil's cranium in a fashion which made that young gentleman see tombstones above and behind him, and inside and outside of his head. Norcott followed this up by an excursion across the graves, driving Mr. Phil back by the way he had come, until at last he knocked him into the ha-ha. After that he heard very little more of Miss Lydia and her wrongs.

"What an acute conception!" exclaimed Tom Coryton when he heard of the *rencontre*. "Why, Norcott at Cambridge could take rank with professionals in town and gown rows, and was decidedly the first man in the University with the gloves. I wish I had known of Phil's intention, I might have demonstrated to him what the consequences would be."

"My dear," said old Plummybag to Norcott, the first time they met after the *fracas*, "yew den more good by poundin' of that there young chap's haid, than yew will by preachin' to en ver a twelvemonth. If he fancied tacklin' of a man that would turn the tether chack to en, he should a-come to one ov our ministers; he oft to a-knewed that the Church, being militant, is bringed up accordin. And a very good thing too, measter, betwixt yew and me. Yew can knock good manners into some o' mun far sewnder than yew can talk it."

After having disposed of Mr. Phil, Norcott, as I have stated, was not sorry to be off for a while, to let this disagreeable business blow over; and fortune assisted him in this, for while he was at Waterford an inhabitant of Wetton cut his throat and so turned away the minds of the other inhabitants from all previous subjects of interest; for what with looking at his house, attending his funeral, and finding out family secrets that may have led to the suicide, their intellects were wholly taken up. A few mess dinners with some pleasant fellows, and such peeps at Irish scenery as could be ob-

tained at Christmas-time, dispersed Norcott's chagrin in a wonderful manner; and after he got back to his duties again, he often asked himself how it was that he ever fell in love with Lydia, for the simple fellow still fancied that he had acted in this matter of his own free will. But

Men are the sport of circumstances, when
The circumstances seem the sport of men.

Put *clever young women* for *circumstances* in the foregoing distich, and you come nearer the springs of this courtship than Mr. Norcott did.

I declare that I have dwelt upon this affair of the Curate's longer perhaps than it deserved, wishing to postpone the narration of what must follow. However, I know that it must be done. Master Shallow has informed us that when you are charged with tidings, there are but two ways — either to deliver them or to conceal them: now, having gone so far with this legend of the dreams, I am bound to follow it to the end, whether the incidents be pleasant or not.

Mrs. Fulford and her daughter embarked in fine calm weather for Madeira. The skipper told them that it was beautiful times certainly if people had nothing to do but drift about and enjoy themselves, but if they wanted to get to Madeira he must have a capful of wind to take 'em there. After a day or two the wind came — plenty of it, but not fair. They had to beat about and make what little progress they could as long as seamanship could control their movements, and after that they were knocked about at the mercy of the winds and waves, for it blew something like a hurricane. In all their terror and suffering the ladies rather puzzled themselves trying to comprehend how the sailors could think it lucky that they were so well clear of the land before the gale came on. They would have preferred to be on shore, but when they said so, the answer was, "By jingo, ma'am! if we got on shore in such a storm as this we should never get off again. Nothing but Davy Jones for us then. No, no; we've got sea-room, and blessed glad we ought to be of it." It was nearly four weeks from the day of embarkation when the passengers were put on shore in calm and sunshine at Funchal. Poor Gertrude did not at all enjoy being run up the beach through the surf. She was carried up to the house that had been taken for them in a palanquin, being unable to walk after

the cruel voyage, and put to bed, where she did not rally as it was expected she would. Her strength was very much reduced; and, in place of the pallor which had lately pervaded her sunken cheeks, there came often bright red spots, giving her an almost unearthly beauty not promising a happy issue, in an earthly sense, out of her afflictions. She was raised at length and carried into the sunshine — the delicious winter sunshine; she looked out upon the smooth, bright, glistening sea, and could hardly believe that it was the same element on which, amid mists and darkness and tempests, they had suffered so much misery — where they had been carried up to heaven, and then down again to the deep, and where their souls had melted because of the trouble.

Sometimes weak and confined to bed, at others stronger and sanguine, Gertrude Fulford was passing along the dark and troublous path whereby consumption drags its victims to their graves. Some of my readers perhaps are not aware that there is an English church at Funchal: there is one, and its surrounding burial-ground was, at the time of which I write, peopled chiefly by the young of both sexes who had been ordered out there to die — for, I fancy, very few recovered there who would not have recovered elsewhere; and now it does not seem to be so much the fashion to send patients to that graveyard, a sweet, calm resting-place, full of shrubs and flowers. The unhappy mother perceived only too surely that her child was death-stricken, and she had at times, when Gertrude rallied a little, to talk cheerfully of the return to Colkaton, which she knew one of them would never again see. This was bitter affliction; but, fortunately, the elder lady did not connect Gertrude's illness with any disturbance of the mind or feelings. Gertrude's father, it seems, had fallen a victim to the same disease, so the tendency was hereditary; what sort of battle the young girl's constitution could have maintained with it with an easy mind and without that trying sea-voyage, we shall never know now. It was one of those rapid cases which (although, perhaps, the insidious enemy may have been surely working for a long time) declare themselves after they have become next to hopeless, and then hurry on to the catastrophe. Gertrude knew at last that she was to die; but the end did not then seem so near as it was. She lay on the sofa: she had been talking cheerfully,

and at last asked to be moved back to her room; when the room was reached she had fainted. This swoon was the first of a series which continued at intervals until she at last passed from her trance into eternity, and they who watched could not tell the very time of the change, so calmly did she quit her life on earth. I have been at Madeira since that, and seen her tomb; the morning sun shines on it, and all round are leaves and blossoms. Poor girl!

Ten days after she had been laid to rest, Lieutenant Hardinge landed at Funchal. I was not there, so cannot tell how he bore to hear the tidings, but can fancy, and so no doubt can my reader, how shocked he was. I don't think he ever married. He certainly did not marry while he remained in the service; but he sold out as Lieutenant-Colonel, and I have lost sight of him since then.

Admiral Tautbrance, when he heard the story of Gertrude's death, professed to be inconsolable; but I believe, and have not scrupled to say, that his affection was set more upon Colkaton than upon its young mistress. This being so, Miss Fulford's death, over which he made so much moan, was really the means of his obtaining his heart's desire. By the terms of the late Squire Fulford's will, Colkaton now belonged to the widow, who returned to dwell there. She did not, as we have seen, think Admiral Tautbrance are ineligible *parti*; and when, after a couple of winters in her lonely home, she heard the Admiral's proposal to pass the remainder of their lives in close company, she lent a not unwilling ear at first, and finally made him happy by accepting him. The flag never went up, but I think they were a well-assorted couple, and contributed to each other's happiness. I think, too, that the good marriages which the Misses Tautbrance made might not have come about if they had not gained a shrewd stepmother.

Now I am afraid that some who read the foregoing paragraph may think that Fortune was much too kind to a profane old sinner of a mariner. I can't help it, if Tautbrance did get better luck than he deserved; but I am not so sure, after all, about the capriciousness of the award. Tautbrance used language, and gave voice to sentiments, which would not be tolerated in the present day — indeed he could not have existed in the present day; he and his likes belonged to another period — but probably his language and his domineering style were the worst

things about him. This I know, that things which we nowadays (in polite language, no doubt) permit to be freely put before our youth of either sex, would have made Tautbrace's hair stand on end. Bad as was his style, he would have burnt with terrestrial fire (not being able to command the exact flames to which he would have verbally consigned them), — he would have burned, I say, and scattered to the four winds the ashes of certain prettily told stories, now published by the hundred, full of foul ideas and bad grammar, and many of them (*probrosium dictu*) the work of young women. The man would have cut his right hand off rather than it should do what, according to his code, was base or ungenerous. He had, as has been hinted, done the State some service; and he would have served with honour again if his superiors had only given him the chance. Neither was Tautbrace, I can assure you, half so hard and unfeeling as the sight of him in his tantrums might have led one to suppose. Let us, then, be charitable to the old sailor, "and say he died a gallant knight" (as he did, for he got the K.C.B. soon after he became a Vice-Admiral), although they would not allow his end to be "with sword in hand for England's right."*

Tautbrace was, however, not the only person in Wetton whose heart was temporarily widowed by the early death at Madeira. Mr. Ben Saunders was much shocked and pained by the untimely fate of one on whom he had been pleased to set his affection. He was very much hipped, I remember, for a long while; and he endeavoured to disperse his grief by breaking out in many objectionable ways, which, during his fancied love affair, he had avoided. Of course, Ben recovered from the blow; but he never recovered his faith in dreams, which he was afterwards fond of stigmatizing as being sent by the devil to deceive fellows, and cause them to make jackasses of themselves. He returned to his old career of vulgar coxcomby and general admiration — but not for long; for he was "brought up with a round turn," as the Admiral called it, and translated into another way of life before he very well knew where he was. Miss Lydia Tarraway, after the unfortunate termination of her attack upon the Curate, became very discontented with her lot. She made an attempt to go out to India to a married cousin in Bengal, but the cousin did not

at all encourage the idea. After that she had serious thoughts of emigrating to some part of Australia, where young women were said to be at a great premium in the matrimonial market; but she couldn't persuade any of her friends to go with her, or to let her go by herself. She managed to go from home to pay a visit or two, but she was never followed to Wetton by any admirer. After a year or two of this sort of thing, finding that no chevalier of any means or connection was inclined to lay lance in rest for her, Lydia thought she must certainly come down to persons of lower degree; and seeing that Mr. Benjamin Saunders was well to do in the world, that he was not a bad-looking fellow, and that, under her direction, he might be considerably softened down and made to play his part creditably, she exercised her fascinations upon Benjamin and subdued him. A high match for young Saunders, many people said: a good match for Miss Tarraway, who hadn't a penny, other people said. But it was a long time in turning out a beneficial match either way. Lydia could not civilize Ben so readily as she had hoped, and Ben, after a while, wouldn't stand Lydia's extravagance in dress and folly; so they quarrelled fearfully, and more than once destroyed a breakfast-set by sending the cups and saucers at each other's heads. After one of these general actions, Lydia had a severe attack of bronchitis; and so alarmed was Benjamin at its obstinacy that he indulged her in all her whims, and spent nearly his whole means upon her. This was not lost upon Mrs. Saunders, who thenceforth became a chronic invalid, liable to an attack of dangerous illness whenever she was thwarted or vexed. It was not until three or four little Saunders's had been born to them that Lydia became more reasonable; but I believe that maternity did act favourably upon her and make her a little less selfish. She did not want for sense, and after she began to reflect and to have some idea of rectitude, she and her husband led a much happier life. She was always more or less of a scandal-monger. Ben sobered down much more quickly than she did. The coxcomby was out of him before he was eight-and-twenty, and there were white hairs in his curls at five-and-thirty, by which time his consumption of pomatum was very trifling, and his indifference about scarves and waistcoats often brought down the upbraiding of his spouse. The last time I was in Wetton

* Vide end of Scott's "Marmion."

(only two or three years ago) they were both alive, and not such a bad old couple.

It is hardly necessary to add to the remarks with which I commenced my tale. It is told now. Let the reader judge whether or not there is Disorder in Dreamland.

From Chambers' Journal.
BELGIAN HUSBANDRY.

THE possibility of making a decent living for a family out of a farm depends in large degree on soil and climate. A small farm of a few acres in England, and more especially in Scotland, means semi-starvation. We have seen several instances in which the thing has been tried, and lamentably failed. A case occurred not long since within our personal observation, in which a land proprietor, by way of experiment, let a piece of ground, extending to about eight acres, with a house upon it, for a merely nominal rent. The land was good, though a little rough, and the tenant set stoutly to work upon it. In two years, he gave it up as hopeless. Another person made the attempt, and he also, in the same length of time, begged to be released of his lease, which was taken off his hands. The experiment was then very properly given up, and the land absorbed into a larger holding.

It is quite a different matter trying to farm on a small scale in the Bay of Naples, or in Belgium. There the farming is in reality a kind of gardening. Soil and climate, as well as old engrafted habits, conspire to make it practicable for a man, wife, and children to extort a living from a mere patch of ground. It is a pity that theorists who talk confidently about land distribution do not, from any personal knowledge, tell us how it is to be satisfactorily accomplished. We say distinctly that the cultivation of lands in Great Britain will not prove advantageous unless on a considerable scale, with professional knowledge, and capital to hire labourers, to buy and keep horses, to purchase artificial manures, and lie out of returns in the ordinary course of business.

As regards that garden of northern Europe, the more fertile part of Belgium, the appearance of things there is certainly very fascinating — the neat white-washed dwelling and outhouses, the trim miniature fields, the orchards in blossom, the industrious and simple habits of the

people, the spires of village churches peeping out among the trees, all give one notions of the golden age, "when every rood of ground maintained its man." The very fertility, however, which produces this result is for the most part not natural. It is the effect of centuries of diligent application with the spade or plough, constant drugging with manure, and tact in changing the crops. But there is more than this. It is a result of intensely economical habits, of which we can hardly say there is any parallel in England.

Without enumerating all the plants to which the Belgian farmer gives his care, the colza, poppy, hop, flax, hemp, chicory, wheat, rye, buckwheat, and haricot beans may be named; and as root-crops or forage, turnips, beetroot, cabbages, peas, vetches, oats, and the common and scarlet clover. This variety gives to the country a very pleasing aspect; there are no large fields lying bare, as with us, waiting for the wheat, but they rather appear like a garden, where are large beds of flowers of every hue. In early spring, the scarlet clover alternates with the bright yellow colza, then the beautiful blue flax; the little white stars of the buckwheat contrast with the gaudy purple poppy, and the large tobacco-leaves, whose intense green recalls the vegetation of the tropics. Without these plants, the owner never could pay either for the manure he puts in or his high rent, as wheat grows very poorly. They require much labour, and the soil has no repose; the labourer is always digging with the spade, turning over the soil, hoeing, weeding, or harvesting.

English and Scotch farmers might take a lesson from the Belgian agriculturists in their prodigious care of manure — no wasteful exhalation, no neglect of the liquids which enrich the soil. We might almost say that the Belgian farmer is a reverential worshipper of manure. It is his idol, his treasury. In the first place, there is the manure produced in the cattle-sheds. No cow is allowed to go about in the open air. All stay within doors, and liquids which we too often see running to waste, are carefully conducted into covered tanks. Neither is the solid part allowed to be in the open air; it is covered from sun and rain, which destroy the ammoniacal salts, and trodden by three or four young cattle during the winter. In addition, the farmer collects from his ditches and streams aquatic plants, which he mixes with the manure,

or uses them at once to hasten the growth of the potato. He sends to a distance for the mud dredged from canals, and lime; in the nearest town he buys the refuse from tanneries and manufactories, animal black, cinders, street-sweepings, crushed bones, and the refuse of flax and colza. His younger children are out at dawn with a little cart, gathering up from the roads and fields all that, according to agricultural chemistry, can restore to the land what has been drawn from it. Peru sends its guano; and the farmer is seen in spring, sack in hand, sowing the precious powder on the barren portions of his land; and the flinty soil swallows it all with such promptitude, that it must be manured twice or three times a year. In no country is such high-farming carried on, and it would be ruinous without the rich return of these plants, and the accessory crops which are gathered after the principal ones.

In Eastern Flanders, of a hundred acres of land, seventy-two are sown with cereals and plants used in manufactures; twenty-eight with roots and forage; but to this must be added thirty-one acres of after-crop, which gives sixty-nine as affording excellent food for cattle, superior to common meadows, and which explains how poor land can pay a rent of five pounds an acre. The second sowing consists of turnips and *spargula* after colza, flax, and early potatoes; and the carrot, which is sown in spring with the preceding crops, and carefully hoed after they have been taken away. The clovers having occupied the ground during winter, leave it clear for the April sowing; and the giant cabbage develops during the cold season, making a stem six feet high, and giving abundant and excellent leaves for milch cows. Culture thus pushed to the extreme, necessarily requires some capital, and it is reckoned that, through a system of rigorous parsimony and saving, double the sum per acre is used in Belgium to that employed in England, and two-thirds more in the best farms. In this way the most dense population in Europe can subsist on a soil so little favoured by nature.

Here it will be observed that the small farmers of Belgium, with their ten to fifty acres, place their reliance on a variety of crops, such as we could not profitably introduce into England. We might say the same thing of small farming in Lombardy. There the land bears three crops at once — mulberry trees, grown for the sake of their leaves as food for silkworms;

wheat beneath the trees; and vines in the hollows of the ridges. In the south of France we see the same diversity; in some places olive trees, for the oil they produce, taking the place of the mulberry. In such parts, the country is like a garden; and with little winter, there is something growing all the year round.

Turning to one of the most fertile parts of Belgium, all, as has been said, is charming — every road is bordered with trees; not a rise in the ground is seen; all is calm, uniform, and presents an image of quiet comfort and peace. Each house is detached, and surrounded with large apple orchards, hedged in by box, holly, or hawthorn, where the cows are brought to feed every morning and evening. It is of one story only, and thatched, containing four rooms; the first for meals, the second for the dairy and preparing the food for cattle, the others for sleeping-rooms. The old-fashioned oak furniture is a model of brightness; tin and copper utensils shine on the walls, which are whitewashed. The garden is gay with wallflowers, dahlias, and hydrangeas, and the florists' flowers which are to be shewn at Ghent.

Outside, everything is in its place; nothing spoils the greensward; the ditch and manure-heap are banished; the latter is always under the roof of the stable or cow-shed. In this stand five or six large cows, the constant care of the farmer's wife, who gives them abundance of green meat in summer, with straw, hay, and a kind of warm soup, mixed with carrots, turnips, or rye, in winter. Thanks to this nourishment, and the constant rest they enjoy, the animals give from fifteen to twenty-five quarts of milk daily. The tools are simple, but of first-rate construction; the plough is light, drawn by one horse, and works with ease, rapidity, and regularity. The harrows are of various kinds, triangular, rectangular, or a parallelogram; but the special tool with which the Fleming has fertilized sands, dried up marshes, and forced back the sea, is the spade. The proverb on the banks of the Scheldt is: "The spade is a gold mine to the peasant;" and different kinds are made for light or heavy soil.

The fields are mostly square, and rarely contain more than an acre; the ground is curved symmetrically, the centre being the highest, so that the water drains down equally in all directions. Round the field, and a foot lower, extends a strip of grass, three or four yards wide; still lower, a hedge of elders is planted, which

is cut every seven years ; and, finally, the plot is surrounded by a ditch, bordered with trees of larger growth. Thus, each piece furnishes rich grass, firewood every seven years, and timber for building every thirty years. The plough is generally used ; but every seven years the subsoil is turned to the top by the spade, and thus it acquires a depth unknown to all but the best gardens ; the principal object being to produce flax and butter, not cereals. The best farmers never sell their corn, but allow their cattle to consume it.

Unhappily, the farm-labourer there, as elsewhere, does not enjoy much comfort ; working harder than most men, he is the worst fed. Rye-bread, potatoes, beans, butter-milk, without meat or bacon, is the usual fare, chicory the constant drink ; beer is reserved for Sundays and fair-days. His wages vary from tenpence to a shilling, and he could never live upon it did not all the members of his family work without ceasing. When the day's work is ended, often by moonlight, the father cultivates his small field ; his wife and daughters take up the poorly paid lace-work, instead of the old spinning-wheel, which steam has superseded ; and his sons, when their field-work is done, bring up rabbits for the London market. Their little hands pick up every tuft of herbage on the road-side, and open up a large trade of exportation not to be despised. From Ostend alone there come to us one million two hundred thousand rabbits every year ; these are skinned and cleaned in Belgium, where the skin is used for the making of hats. Yet, though their life is so hard, the towns do not attract the rural population. Habit and family traditions bind them to the plough ; whilst every nine years, at the renewal of their lease, the raising of the rent fills them with anxiety, and poisons their existence. It makes them distrust all those who are making inquiry on the state of agriculture, and dissimulate as to the fertility of their land, and the produce they obtain from it.

Western Flanders is crossed by a strip of land which is particularly difficult of cultivation ; until lately it was scarcely inhabited, and covered with low brushwood and marshy heath. The reindeer moss enveloped the trees with a layer as of white ashes ; abundance of ferns and moss grew, and the sickly appearance of other plants gave the country a sterile appearance. But by means of the pine-tree this land has also become valuable.

About thirty thousand young trees are planted on an acre ; at the end of seven years, these are thinned, and sold for firewood ; this is repeated every two years, until the trees are twenty years old, when they begin to cut them into poles for the hop ; at twenty-five years, they produce props for mines ; at thirty, wood for building ; and at forty, the acre will still have a thousand trees, worth three or four shillings each, the whole paying very fairly for the expenses.

A few families settle on the spot to carry on the work ; they take a lease of a corner of land at a very low rent, and husband and wife set to work, and build a cabin which they can call their own. The next savings are spent on a goat and a few rabbits, then they bring up a calf on the grass which grows in the wood ; when at last they possess a cow, they are saved from poverty. The milk is made into butter ; the manure enriches their land ; a little capital accumulates, and in a few years the labourer becomes a small farmer ; by degrees the small population increases, the land is conquered by cultivation, the owner has spent little beside the wages. The labourer is assured of his plot for thirty years, and willingly spends his time upon it. Here, doubtless, under adverse circumstances, a living is made by a family ; but what kind of living ? Not what any ordinary English artisan, realizing the comforts procurable by a wage of a pound to thirty shillings a week, would be inclined to put up with.

The two products which grow the best on poor land are rye and potatoes, and they form the food of most of the rural classes in Belgium. It has been remarked that the Germanic races have a predilection for rye, and it bears a better crop than wheat, whilst the straw is much used for roofing the cabins. Barley gives also a larger return than in England ; and potatoes, though so uncertain, owing to the disease, are the favourite food of the Flemings ; buckwheat is also a precious plant, because it requires little tillage ; and when the potatoes fail at the end of July, it can be immediately sown, and coming up as the leaves die, stifles the weeds, and gives a good second crop. Flax is more cultivated than ever, as France and England buy all the finest quality ready spun. Each farmer also grows the tobacco for his own use ; whilst near Commines and Werwicq it is cultivated on a large scale, and acquires a powerful flavour, much appreciated in America.

The hop is another variety of culture of which Belgium may be proud; the vine of the north hangs its beautiful dark-green verdure around the poles, but it only gives its perfumed cones in return for much money and continual labour. The land must be rich and provided with fir-poles, three thousand to the acre; as it grows, the stems have to be tied, and liquid manure given to those plants which shew yellow leaves; finally, at the time of harvest, numbers of work-people have to be gathered together for the picking. But whilst in England the whole of the ground is sacrificed to the hop, there are in Belgium the most splendid crops of wheat and beetroot growing between. Chicory, like the hop, is a very expensive article of culture; but it gives a rich return, estimated at forty pounds an acre. The produce of colza is also very valuable.

It will be seen that few sheep are fed in a country where there is so little pasture; horses of great strength, and milch cows which give much butter, and can be fed in the stable, are considered most advantageous, and statistics shew that more of these animals are fed on the acre than in any other country. It is to be remarked that the Flemish farmer has compensated for all the disadvantages of his soil and climate by a simple means within the reach of all—that of restoring to the land what it gives to the wants of man; the too much neglected secret of agricultural chemistry. Belgium, in short, offers a pleasant spectacle of rural industry, but, from the circumstances mentioned, we do not believe that the same thing could be realized in the British Islands.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

LIBERALISM AND DEMOCRACY.

THERE is perhaps some danger lest the downfall of the English Liberal party and the success of the Conservatives should be regarded in England as purely local events, and our attention be called away from the fact that the most powerful cause of the change in political balance may be seen in operation all over Europe. There has seldom been a greater miscalculation than that of the persons who had supposed that the wide extension of the political suffrage which has been conceded in all Western countries would be ultimately favourable to the opinions known

as Liberal. As we have frequently insisted, there is not the slightest necessary connection between Liberalism and Democracy. Liberty is the absence of law; Liberal opinions are supposed to be the opinions which are formed without reference or with only slight reference to prescriptive authority; the Liberal party is assumed to exist for the purpose of giving effect to these opinions. Democracy is a name for a form of government in which sovereign power is lodged with a large number of persons instead of few persons or one. Doubtless it has been assumed for a certain number of years in a certain number of countries that the many are more "liberal" than the few, but at the present moment there is not a single civilized commonwealth which does not furnish some reason for doubting the truth of the assumption.

It is much to be regretted that German political facts are only seen in England through the veil of a language much less understood among us than it ought to be and than might be expected. They are much more practically instructive, for instance, than the phenomena of French politics, of which the interest is greatly out of proportion to the value. France has been so racked with repeated revolutions, and has had her public morality so deeply shaken for the moment by the disasters of the last war, that she furnishes few lessons of much importance to a country like our own, of which the development has been orderly, and whose public misfortunes and trials have not of late been very severe. Nothing, however, can be fuller of instruction to us than the recent political history of Germany. Prince Bismarck, it will be remembered, was for long years in permanent dispute with the Prussian Parliament, a body of which the prevailing opinions were Liberal, but which owed its Liberalism to the elaborate restriction of the suffrage by which it was elected. When the triumphant war which ended with the victory of Sadowa brought all Germany round to Prince Bismarck's side he constructed the Parliament of the North German Confederation pretty much as he pleased, and when he determined that it should be chosen by universal suffrage he was undisguisedly acting in expectation of the same result which was aimed at by Mr. Disraeli in the measure of 1867. Since then the North German Parliament has become the Parliament of the Empire, and Prince Bismarck has become, if not a Liberal, the author of the most uncom-

promising measures ever devised for giving effect to distinctively Liberal opinion. It is, however, becoming increasingly evident that he is encountering more and more difficulty through the universal suffrage which he created. In the Prussian Parliament he has his own way completely; but, though no doubt the Imperial Parliament is Liberal for the present, it becomes less so at each successive election, and it is not by any means impossible that in the end it may become Ultramontane. Hence there are plain signs of a movement among the German Liberals for restricting the suffrage upon which the Imperial Legislature is based, and for assimilating it to the Prussian suffrage. No such language is held about the "residuum" in Germany as is employed by both the English parties. It is there openly called densely ignorant, grossly superstitious, and almost wholly incapable of national spirit. The German educated mind, always in speculative revolt against authority, is now engaged in active war with the concrete embodiment of all authority in the Popedom; and it fully recognizes that its most obstinate adversaries are that very portion of the community worshipped by Liberals elsewhere under the name of democracy. The same disbelief in the Liberalism of the masses enters into every shade of French political sentiment. M. Gambetta himself has obviously not a fragment of faith in the conformity of opinion between the French multitude and himself. He thinks, like a long series of French Republican leaders before him, that the masses can be disciplined or educated into Republicanism; but there is no practical difference of opinion between French politicians of all colours on the point that what the majority of Frenchmen would like best, if left to themselves, would be a dictatorship. Perhaps, however, the most striking example of the divorce between Liberalism and Democracy is to be seen in Belgium. Here is a most prosperous country, endowed with popular institutions, secured against foreign war, to which the Liberal party has admittedly rendered almost priceless services. Yet the effect of extending the suffrage has been to expel the Liberals from power, perhaps permanently. The Government in office is composed of men theoretically committed to the principles of the Syllabus, and the country is nearly as much given over to the priests as Portugal in the seventeenth century. M. de Laveleye, when he last explained the state of Bel-

gium to English readers, wrote in apparent despair. He evidently thought that freedom of education and of the press were in the greatest danger, and that the land was rapidly becoming again the property of the religious corporations.

The English Radicals of forty or fifty years ago held on the subject of universal or widely extended suffrage a set of opinions which were natural enough at that period, but which were not the less a memorable instance of delusion. The great opposition to the new opinions of the schools of thought which were rising up came from the vested interests of minorities. Economical reforms, fiscal reforms, judicial reforms, were each prevented by small knots of men banded together by the common advantages which the older system conferred on them. The Radicals justly thought that if these minorities were driven from influence and power, the abuses which they supported would be easier of destruction; but they jumped to the further conclusion that majorities had none of the political vices of minorities. Bentham and his followers used to argue that universal suffrage must be a good thing because the interests which the Government based on it would promote would by the nature of the case be the interests of all. The implied assumption here made is that multitudes of men know their own interests in the same way in which small minorities know them. The fact has turned out to be that vast constituent bodies do not know their own interests, unless knowing their own interests means the same thing as blindly following whatever impulse happens to act strongly upon them. Men, because they obtain votes, do not become less ignorant, less superstitious, less envious, less servile, less greedy, less the victims of any set of persons who take the trouble to pull the wires of the machinery by which they are moved. The history of forty years has not proved more than this about the connection between Democracy and Liberalism. So long as Liberal policy is destructive—and destructive it must sometimes be from the necessity of the case—it may be expected to have the sympathy of a multitudinous constituent body. In the long run the masses may be depended upon to join in taking away from others advantages which they can understand and which they do not share themselves, in destroying rotten boroughs, opening close corporations, and disestablishing Churches. But when the demands of

Liberal opinion are for a constructive policy, or for a policy not capable of being appreciated at a glance, or for a policy at variance with settled superstitions, there is not more reason to expect popular support for them than for any other set of doctrines. Free trade was carried with the old constituencies, not, however, without the aid of numerous exceptional influences; but what chance would it have had with the present constituencies, led as are large sections of them by men who propose to keep up wages by such expedients as "limiting the output of coal?" Sudden gusts of passion may occasionally lash a democracy into furious hostility to the Pope, the Crown, the peerage, or the priesthood, but as a general rule men, because they obtain votes, do not give up any of their habitual opinions about this world and the next. Some surprise has been expressed that, though the English clergy is probably the class which has gone nearest to doing its duty to the agricultural labourer, he proves to dislike the parson only less than the farmer, while he respects the squire and stands in the greatest awe of the neighbouring duke. Something of this is no doubt owing to the Nonconformist influences which have presided over the agricultural strike, but the permanent cause is that the clergyman is in comparatively close contact with the labourer. He is near enough to be regarded as the embodiment of respectability and affluence, and to be envied accordingly; but the great landowner is at such a distance that hereditary awe of him is never dispelled. This is just what has been discovered everywhere respecting the poor and ignorant men who have been so generally turned into voters. They will join in putting down any institution which is close at hand; but their votes, like their ideas, are not the less at the service of anybody who will appeal to their abject fear of the Pope or the Devil, or both of them.

From The Spectator.

THE NEW CONSTITUTION OF SWITZERLAND.

THE changes in the Swiss constitution, accepted on Sunday by a double majority of the people, and a threefold majority of the Cantons, are most serious, and have evidently two objects in view. One is to strengthen the Federal Army. That

Army, though it has performed some serious feats of arms, though it nominally contains 200,000 men, and is fairly drilled, is too loosely organized for sufficiently rapid action in a great emergency. The Central Government, sitting at Berne, had, under the old Constitution, no direct power over the Army until it was in the field, the organization of each section and the duty of forwarding it where commanded being left absolutely with the Cantons. These powers are not withdrawn even now, and each Canton can still use its own troops for internal purposes; but the Canton is made for military purposes entirely subordinate to the Central power, which can now dictate organization, take possession of all *matériel* of war, and in fact, if it pleases, create as centralized a force as it has means to pay. There can be no doubt whatever that this new power, if wisely and moderately used, will greatly increase the securities for the independence of Switzerland. Her Army of 200,000 men would by itself be a hard nut to crack, for the Swissers are brave fighting-men, and the authorities at Berne would in the event of war stand in this favourable position. They can be attacked directly only by Germany or France, and of course would be defended by either power innocent of the attack,—by Germany because she could not submit to see her flank so completely turned, by France because the Swiss Army would furnish just the iron spear-head her own Army wants in a conflict with the German Army. At the same time, the risk that the defender would develop also into the ruler would be averted by the dislike of strong Powers to lengthen their conterminous boundary, and the difficulty which either power, just exhausted by conflict, would feel in encountering a new army sure to fight well, and sure also to occupy the most dangerous of positions. It is true that the neutrality of Switzerland is guaranteed by Europe, but in these days guarantees do not count for much, and the ability to inflict a serious blow on any invader is a much more tangible security. Neither Germany nor France want to lose 100,000 men on the eve of a mighty duel, and Switzerland, if thoroughly organized, might employ at least that number. She becomes, in fact, a fortress which an assailant must carry, just when he has other and heavier business on hand. Both Powers, it is true, acting in unison, could divide Switzerland, and there are contingencies under which this

danger might arise; but they are extremely improbable, and exist now in a yet higher degree, partition being comparatively easy. With 200,000 good men Switzerland will always find allies.

The second and more immediate object, the one, in fact, on which all voting turned, is to raise the Republic once for all above all the Churches found within its borders, and this has been accomplished in the most thorough-going style. Many of the Cantons are strongly Catholic, and one or two are strongly Protestant, but the entire Republic may be classed as Liberal; and it is to the Republic, the whole Confederation, that all ecclesiastical power is now confided. An alliance between the Protestants and the Voltairians will always command, in the whole country, a majority too great to be resisted, either by votes or rifles; and the Central Government, now allowed to act without Cantonal restrictions, can pass any ecclesiastical decree it pleases. The State is set free with a vengeance. Not only may it pass any law on education, but it must establish compulsory primary education in all Cantons, and this education being uniform, will obviously be secular. Then it must establish a Central University, at which men of all religions will be trained together, a practice to which Catholics, with considerable want of faith in their own system, have of late years been angrily opposed. Then the Central authority "may take the necessary measures for the maintenance of public order and peace between the members of the different religious communities, as well as against the encroachments of ecclesiastical authority upon the rights of the citizens," — words wide enough to cover any conceivable amount of interference with any creed in the Republic, or at least any creed requiring the services of a priesthood. It is true, the Canton still retains the same powers, but the general legislation overrides Cantonal authority, and all Switzerland may punish an excommunication pronounced by the Bishop of a Canton. As if to show clearly the spirit in which the power is to be used, the Constitution authorizes the Confederation to prohibit the creation of any new Bishopric, — a direct defiance to Rome; and the founding of any new convent, or the re-establishment of any one dispossessed; to control all burial-places, and to make any laws of marriage it may please. In fact, if the summary we are quoting from the *Continental Herald*, the old *Swiss Times* — a journal we are happy

to see so suddenly and amazingly prosperous — is accurate, the Confederation must establish civil marriage, for "marriage is not to be refused on any moral or religious ground," the Swiss apparently trusting the maintenance even of the laws of consanguinity entirely to opinion, as the French did during their whole Revolutionary period; while the children born out of wedlock must be legitimized on the subsequent marriage of their parents, a just and humane provision in theory, but one which in practice is not found to conduce to female chastity. The State, in fact, is made supreme in all matters of marriage, burial, and ecclesiastical discipline, — that is, in all that section of human life which in Catholic countries necessitates contact with the priesthood.

These laws must have been prepared by very astute hands, for while they prohibit no creed and interfere with no creed, they arm the governing party in the Republic with a power beyond that conferred in Prussia by the Falk laws, with a power, that is, of suppressing Ultramontanism altogether. If reasonably worked, there is nothing in them to which fervent Catholics can object — for Catholics do not object to civil marriage in itself, but to marriage unblessed by religious sanction — but they may easily be so worked as to suppress Catholic discipline altogether. For instance, they certainly allow of any penalty being enacted for excommunication, of the suspension of religious services in a new diocese, of the gradual extinction of all convents, of the expulsion of any religious order "the conduct of which is dangerous to the State, or disturbs the peace between the creeds," and, as we imagine, of the exclusion of any Papal Bull. The Confederation can, in fact, prohibit the Roman Catholic religion, if it pleases; and though we do not believe the grave and experienced men who govern it intend to go that length, they have two additional temptations to attempt the feat. The revision has given them full control of the Army, and the vote for it has revealed the comparative weakness of their opponents. The Council of the Confederation possesses, in fact, the full power of the Hohenzollerns, backed by a formidable army, and may, if it pleases, persecute to any length, short of inflicting death, a punishment which, strange to say, in a country so rigid in its ideas, is finally and universally abolished. That is a dangerous amount of power to commit to a majority in any Republic, and its habitual use may

end either in violent convulsions, or in the emigration of the Catholic population bodily to America. Even if it is not used, the provisions which confer it assert the sovereignty of the State over the conscience to a degree which would never be borne in England, and which is entirely inconsistent with any theory of religious liberty. It is not the State-paid pastor who may be restricted, but the unpaid, not merely the new diocese which is prohibited, but the new superintending circle. Wesley could no more work under the Bill than Pio Nono can. The principle of Lord John Russell's Ecclesiastical Titles Bill is, in fact, elevated into a State Dogma, and the Confederation can annul the territorial or disciplinary arrangements of a disestablished Church. So can Parliament, no doubt, but if it did, English Liberals would scarcely assert that it was governed by the principles of civil and religious liberty, or that any worship was free within the limits of morality and order. The Cantonal system of Switzerland is not one we admire, for, like the State system of the Union, it has always seemed to us unfavourable to the development of statesmanship, but it did at least leave the people really free; and we are not sure that the Swiss, in their panic-terror of the Syllabus, are not parting with too much of the freedom which alone makes them remarkable on earth.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.
THE FIJI ISLANDS.
I. — THE WHITES.

OUR new dependency in Polynesia has been acquired so suddenly that very little is generally known concerning the islands or their inhabitants, whether white or black. In this instance, as in that of the Gold Coast, matters have been steadily advancing in one direction for many years, and yet, now that the time has come for decided action, scarcely any definite information is forthcoming to guide our judgment. A short sketch, therefore, of the population of Fiji and their habits of life may not be out of place.

To begin with the white men who are settled in the group, nine-tenths of whom are British subjects. Although Europeans have been in the Fiji Islands since early in the present century, and the missionaries, both Catholic and Wesleyan, have been at work there for nearly thirty

years, it is only within a recent period that the white men have held any assured position. The majority of the early settlers, "old hands," as they are now called, were certainly a very peculiar people. Many were escaped convicts, and they were scattered about the different islands, living pretty much on sufferance, and at the mercy of the native chiefs. Indeed, it was only by a thorough understanding among themselves that they should all combine to help and avenge any one of their number who might be attacked that they contrived to hold their own with the blood-thirsty savages by whom they were surrounded. Of course they cared nothing about the brutal fetish worship and cannibalism practised by their hosts. Some even acquired considerable influence by aiding the more powerful chieftains in their constant wars; and the stories which are still told in the islands go to show that they were little, if at all, behind the Fijians themselves in brutality and licentiousness. The small traders who took up their abode there from time to time made hazardous profits by purchasing cocoa-nut oil, tortoise-shell, bêche-de-mer, and other native products which could be easily obtained; but for many years the island trade was looked upon as a very dangerous and in fact as almost a piratical business. The missionaries stood upon a very different footing. At first they made little headway, but the more frequent visits of men-of-war, British and American, gave them opportunities of which they courageously availed themselves; and, after the conversion of Thakombau to Christianity in 1853, the Wesleyans became a power in the group. They showed themselves very hostile to the interlopers, as they considered the whites who came from the colonies, and it was mainly owing to their influence that Colonel Smythe reported against annexation in 1860, when the first Commission, consisting of himself and Dr. Seeman — who was favourable to it — was sent out at the instance of the late Mr. Pritchard. This decision of course checked the influx of settlers for a time, and even induced some who were already in the islands to leave them.

The history of the group for the next few years consisted chiefly of fierce native wars, combined with the advance of the missionaries and the gradual progress of trade. Notwithstanding the rather dictatorial behaviour of the Wesleyans, who seemed at one time desirous of emu-

lating the government which the Catholic priests have set up in other islands, they certainly deserve great credit for the work they did during these years. It is rarely that so great and beneficial a change has been so soon brought about in the habits of a barbarous people. The introduction of Sea-Island cotton by Dr. Brower, the American Consul, and the owner of the island of Wakaia, changed the whole aspect of affairs. It was soon found that this description of cotton was particularly well suited to the moist yet equable climate and the rich volcanic soils of the Fijis. Under careful management it seemed probable that the new staple would yield considerable profits. It so happened, also, that about the time when the Sea-Island cotton was first grown both Australian and New Zealand wool was at a very low price. Some of the more adventurous of the colonists, therefore, who had been nearly ruined by the depression, scraped together the remains of their fortune and determined to try their luck in Fiji. A few have done tolerably well, but none, we fear, have earned the profits which they anticipated when they set out. At first, however, everything looked well, and in 1869 and 1870 there began a sort of "rush" to Fiji. Every newcomer thence was eagerly questioned in Sydney and Melbourne as to the amount of capital which would be required to start a cotton plantation with fair hope of success. The infection even spread to this country, and made way among classes not well suited to such work. In Melbourne a large Polynesian company was formed, which secured upwards of 200,000 acres. In the end a population of upwards of 2,000 white men has gathered in the islands; and whatever may have been said or thought to the contrary, they are in truth a fair sample of hard-working English colonists. Many of the planters are really superior men, quite capable of holding their own anywhere. There are some black sheep amongst them, no doubt; and these, as so often happens in a new community where each honest man is chiefly intent on minding his own business, have come to the surface. Mr. Layard, who evidently went out with the idea that he would be called upon to meet the very scum of the earth when he should encounter the Fijian planters, was agreeably surprised to find that for the most part he had to deal with straightforward, plain men of business, who were no more inclined to countenance

kidnapping, murder, and rape than he was himself; and he had the honesty to confess his surprise in one of his first speeches in Levuka.

The influx of white settlers and the simultaneous commencement of so many cotton plantations led to the importation of labourers from the neighbouring groups. Much has been heard of late of the abuses to which this traffic has given rise, and the annexation of Fiji will no doubt put an end to most of them. Meanwhile, the settlers declare that they were no parties to the atrocities which have been committed, and that they are only anxious that the coolie trade should be conducted with the strictest justice. There is at any rate this evidence in their favour, that none of the vessels regularly employed by them have been charged with such horrors as those which have disgraced some which set out from the colonies "on spec." Hardworking men who have invested their all in the islands, and who are living a rough life among a more or less hostile people, they not unnaturally hope that they be may be made secure of their holdings by the annexation of the group to the British empire, or that they may, on the other hand, be left to settle their differences with the natives after their own fashion. In short, Englishmen in Fiji are neither much better nor much worse than Englishmen in other parts of the world; and under the judicious rule of a responsible English governor, they will prove a very decent and law-abiding community. Even up to the present time brawls of a serious character have been very rare; and revolvers are much more common in many civilized American cities than among the white settlers in the Fijis.

The ideas of a planter's life derived from the old days in the West Indies and the Southern States of America have by no means been realized as yet in Fiji. Most of the settlers think themselves fortunate if on the road to future luxury they can manage to reach the stage of ordinary comfort. At present the white men, as a whole, are badly off. The fall in the price of cotton—a very serious matter in a country where freight, insurance, and agency charges are so high—and the damage done by the tremendous hurricanes of last year have together reduced many to the bare necessities of life. The stock-keepers of Levuka and Suva, most of whom own plantations themselves, have been compelled to re-

strict their credit; and even tea and square-bottle gin are, it is said, becoming scarce along the coasts. A settler in Fiji who cannot supply every chance guest with gin at discretion must, indeed, feel himself in a bad way. But this depression, of course, is merely temporary. In the face of it, and of the bad and uncertain government which has now come to an end, the imports into the group for the year 1873 considerably exceeded in value £100,000. And in spite of the hardships, difficulties, dangers, and disappointments which fall to his share, the life of a settler, whether a planter or a trader, is a pleasant one. The climate itself is delightful to all who can stand a high temperature, and from April to December a journey amongst the islands is little more than an agreeable excursion. Formerly terrible risks were run in open boats, but the loss of many lives has taught caution in this respect. Nowadays during the cotton season it would be difficult to see a prettier sight than Levuka harbour crowded with little yachts and steam-launches. Levuka itself has, as the Americans say, become quite a place. Apart, too, from the enjoyment which may be derived from visiting the other islands during the slack time, the management of a plantation is itself interesting. The planter who possesses an island of his own is, of course, particularly favored. He has no one to look after but his own labourers, and, provided he can keep them in proper order, he has little to think of beyond the improvement of his fields and the perfecting of his cotton-ginning establishment. On the larger islands, however, account has to be taken of the natives, who sometimes interfere most unpleasantly where they think they have been wronged. Perhaps there is little reason to wonder that troubles have arisen, when it is remembered that the white men claim one-sixth of the whole arable land in the group. They have probably purchased rightly,

according to Fiji custom, one-eighth or one-ninth.

As we have said, Sea-Island cotton has hitherto been the staple product of Fiji. Of late, however, sugar-cane, which the natives have long grown successfully, has been systematically cultivated. People have long been aware that both climate and soil were favourable; but sugar, unlike cotton, requires considerable capital to work to advantage, and capital does not lose its characteristic timidity even in the South Seas. It is plain that the Fiji sugar, if successfully grown and manufactured, will at any rate have a good chance of commanding the New Zealand market, Auckland being only 1,100 miles from Levuka. Fiji tobacco also ought in these days of dearth in cigars to attract attention. The leaf grown from the best Cuban seed is said to be equal in every respect to the finest in the Antilles. It might perhaps be worth the while of some Cubans who are settling in Jamaica to see whether even a better field is not offered here.

As it is clear that the white men cannot be turned out of the group, it is certainly well that they should be placed under a form of government which can really exercise control over them. Thakombau's late Ministers, with one or two exceptions, were thoroughly distrusted by every white man in the Fiji Islands. Their dictatorial behaviour and wholesale extravagance only made people inquire the more closely into their previous history. Messrs. Woods, Swanston, Burt, and "Sir" Charles St. Julian were, to say the least, not capable of dealing with the present state of affairs; and Mr. Thurston's want of tact and incapacity for controlling his colleagues quite neutralized his ability. If strong ground is taken from the first and a proper system adopted alike for whites, natives, and imported labourers, there is every reason to believe that the Fiji Islands will become a valuable addition to the British Empire.

ABSENCE OF ITALIAN CHEMISTS.—At a congress of Italian *savants*, which held a recent sitting at Rome, a meeting of the Chemical Section, under the presidency of Professor Cannizzaro, undertook a discussion on the rarity of original chemical research in Italy, and on its causes. The Section was of opinion that to awaken activity in this department it is desirable that the profession of chemistry

should offer to students a career analogous to that presented by engineering or by medicine. To this the "Chemical News" adds: "A similar complaint and a similar suggestion might be made in England, with the additional complaint that engineers and medical men are continually encroaching upon the sphere of the professional chemist."